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Polo Prospects : "Eddie" Tatham on the Season's Débutantes

The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER

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"They Got What They Wanted . . ."

An A.R.A.

Mr. Ernest Proctor, the artist who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He is seen with his wife, Mrs. Dod Proctor, who is also a noted artist, and their dog

A Good Day's Golf

Miss Joan Barnes-Gorrell (left) and Mrs. Dudley Charles, two of the competitors in the recent Wilton Shield competition at Stoke Poges. The first-named played for the Parliamentary side, and the latter, who is the wife of Mr. Justice Charles, for the Legal team

A Hard Fight

Flt.-Off. W. F. Pharazyn and Lieut. N. R. Reeves, the golf champions of the R.A.F. and the Army respectively, had a close tussle when the Army beat the R.A.F. by 11 points to 1 at West Hill. Reeves finally beat Pharazyn in the singles by one up. More exclusive "Bystander" pictures of this event are on page 206

A Fine Wedding Day

Above: Mr. Eric Martin Smith, the British Amateur Golf Champion, and Mrs. Joan Surtees, married last week.

Left: The butler came to the rescue and dealt effectively with the bridal train after the wedding of Mr. John Harrison-Broadley and Miss Joan Whitworth

A Helping Hand

Below: Mrs. Tolhurst, who competed in the High Speed Reliability Trials at Brooklands. She is the daughter of Mr. Richard Marsh, the noted racehorse trainer

A Good Run at Brooklands

A photograph taken after the wedding of the Earl of Dumfries, the elder son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, and Lady Eileen Forbes, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Granard, at the Roman Catholic Church, Newton Forbes, Co. Longford, showing the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids and the best man. From left to right they are : Miss Gwendoline MacRae, the bridegroom's cousin, Lady Moira Forbes, Miss Penelope Packe, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Michael Crichton - Stuart, the bridegroom's cousin, Miss Ursula Packe, and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart

A Wedding in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

The Stent-Hedley Wedding

Mr. J. H. R. Stent, King's Own Scottish Borderers, and Miss Mary Hedley being piped from the church after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who is the only daughter of the noted surgeon, Mr. John Prescott Hedley, was attended by eleven bridesmaids and one page dressed in primrose-yellow

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the mirror to the Gay World

Elwin Neame

Lady Milbanke

One of the most charming hostesses in Society, Lady Milbanke is the Chairwoman of the forthcoming Derby Ball in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital

MAYFAIR is technically a very small area of the West End. Colloquially speaking, it embraces, however, the area from Hyde Park Corner to Regent's Park, to Portland Place to Piccadilly Circus and St. Giles's Circus, including, therefore, Marylebone, where the by-election has been the major topic of the week. It has been a bitter affair from start to finish. One young peeress was cut dead by an acquaintance of twenty years' standing because she was on the other side. A dowager sent twenty guests away tea-less in the best charity tea-fight style because they had the temerity to say they did not propose to vote the way she wanted.

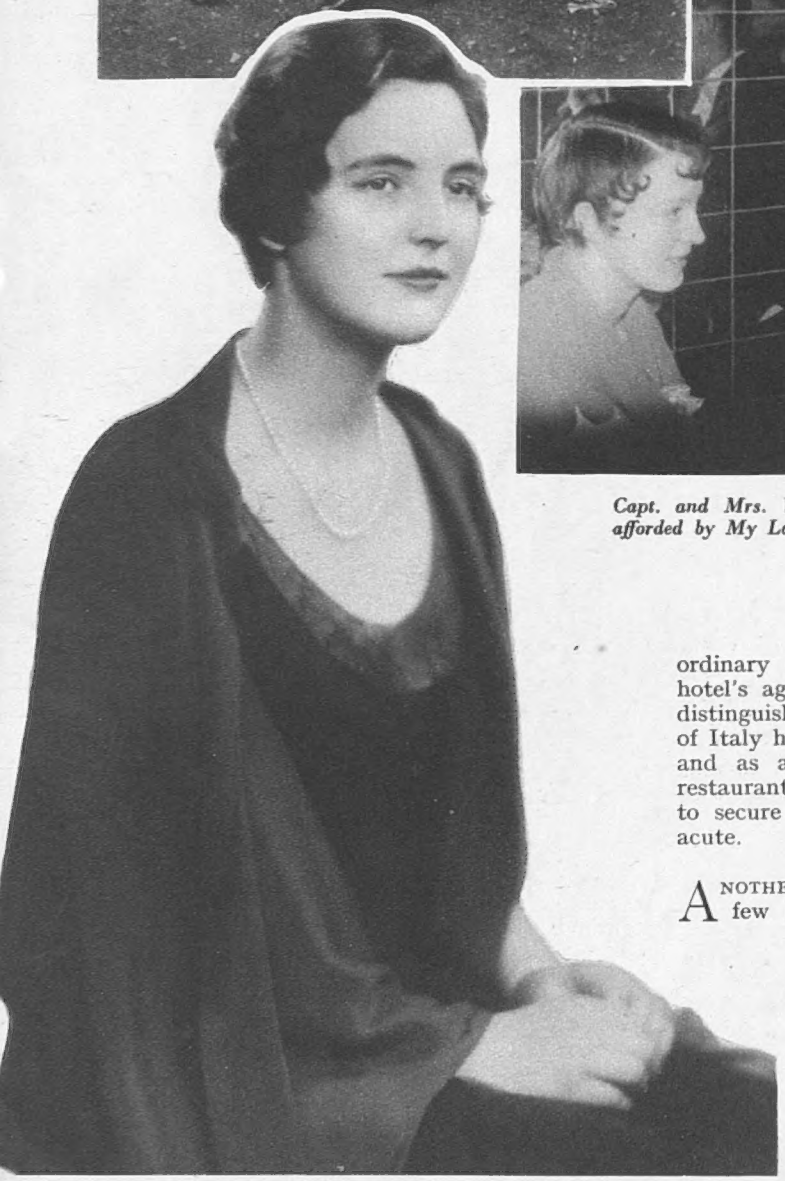
ONE anecdote follows another when you start to dig into the matter. Among the keenest canvassers for Sir Basil Blackett were Lady Dynevor and Lady Max-Muller, who was hostess to the Carisbrookes at the Embassy the other night. The Saltouns and the Dowager Lady Jersey were on his side also. In

Snapped at Roehampton

Miss Audrey Carr and Mrs. Gray Horton at the Household Brigade Foursomes held at Roehampton. The latter's husband, Capt. Guy Horton, is taking his golf very seriously these days and is tackling in most determined manner the problem of how to reduce his handicap

Capt. and Mrs. Wyndham enjoying the post-prandial solace afforded by My Lady Nicotine at the Gargoyle Club last week

Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine and motorist, were also among thos



Bertram Park

Miss Jean Follett

The only daughter of the late Brig.-General Gilbert Burrell Spencer Follett, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, and of Lady Mildred FitzGerald. She is a niece of the Earl of Dunmore

Bond Street I met Lord Scarsdale, who was positively grateful that the childish maladies of his offspring compelled him to go away before the polling day.

By now I expect that the carefully guarded secret of the King of Italy's impending visit will have been revealed. The reason for the secrecy was the extraordinary diligence with which one great hotel's agents will try and lure away the distinguished guests of another. The King of Italy has not been in England for years, and as almost every maître d'hôtel and restaurant manager is an Italian, competition to secure his royal patronage was unduly acute.

Another guest of London in the next few days will be Norma Talmadge. Since the coming of the talkies the Talmadge Sisters have been rather in the background. In contrast, one shudders for the lack of privacy that Marlene Dietrich will endure when she makes her next visit. Her only previous trip to London was twenty-four hours long, and Sir Philip Sassoon more or less monopolised her. It won't be so easy for her to dodge her many "fans" next time.

At the moment of writing, Lady Louis Mountbatten is still in Paris, where the brevity of her tailor-made compelled even the hard-boiled clients of the new night-club in Montmartre to stare. I am told that she and her husband intend to build a pent-house on the roof of Brook House, the remainder of the building being destined for flats. Pent-houses are quite new to London, and may well become a fashion.

The pertinacity of princes is proverbial. One day last week Prince George was coached by Archie Compston at Coombe Hill for three consecutive hours. Even the Prince of Wales had had enough after ninety minutes. Prince George was driven literally too far on this occasion. When I saw him striking balls off the fourth tee at 4.30 p.m. his hands were dropping noticeably at the top of the swing, and anybody else would have been dead with fatigue.

I saw with interest that his clubs are all steel, and that each of them was decorated with one of those fancy little coloured woollen night-caps. I gather that it is his avowed ambition to defeat the Prince of Wales, who, in turn, is equally anxious to defeat the Duke of York. The Duke of Gloucester, whose military duties keep him very much out of the limelight, is not keen on golf.

All four brothers will presumably be at the Court to-night. Prince George and the Prince of Wales were scheduled to appear at the Plaza on Thursday night, and Prince George will again be in public on May 25, when the Débutantes'

Ball, alias the Queen Charlotte's Ball, will be staged. For this, already fifty of the leading débutantes have been selected, as maids of honour, while three dozen of last year's débutantes will be maids-in-waiting.

A Fencing Night at the Gargoyle Club

Right : Lady Ashley and Mr. James Beck seen at the Gargoyle Club on the occasion of the special fencing competition. Sir Oswald Mosley proved the winner in a contest which created the greatest interest among those present

Sir Henry Birkin, the famous racing present to witness the fencing bouts

Photographs by Sasha

The Hon. David Tennant and his sister, the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, at the Gargoyle, where the fencing proved so popular

SEVERAL novelties are being introduced at this year's ball—one of them being that there will be two different prices for tables in different parts of the ball-room. Two guineas a head will be charged on the Royal daïs and at the ring-side tables, so to speak. The others will be seven shillings less. Among the débutantes will be Lady Listowel's daughter, Lady Glasgow's daughter, Miss Nica Rothschild, and Miss Ormsby-Gore, for whom Lady Salisbury and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore will both give balls during the season.

SHE and Miss Ann Vesey and Miss Rothschild will, together with Dorothy Dickson's débutante daughter, Miss Hyson, probably prove the successors to Miss Whigham, Miss Bingham, and Lady Bridgett Poulett as the most written-up débutantes.

IN the swimming-pool of the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House you can often see the two Lascelles boys, the elder of whom is going to school this week for the first time, disporting themselves in the water. I hear, incidentally, that their parents' new house in Green Street is really by no means large enough, especially for people and servants who have been used to the spaciousness of Buckingham Palace and Chesterfield House.

SIR HARRY STONOR, for so many years in the Royal Household, has returned from Monte Carlo, and I saw him in Bond Street. Unfortunately his eyesight, which has been troubling him a great deal for the last few months, is not much better despite all the new treatment he has been undergoing.

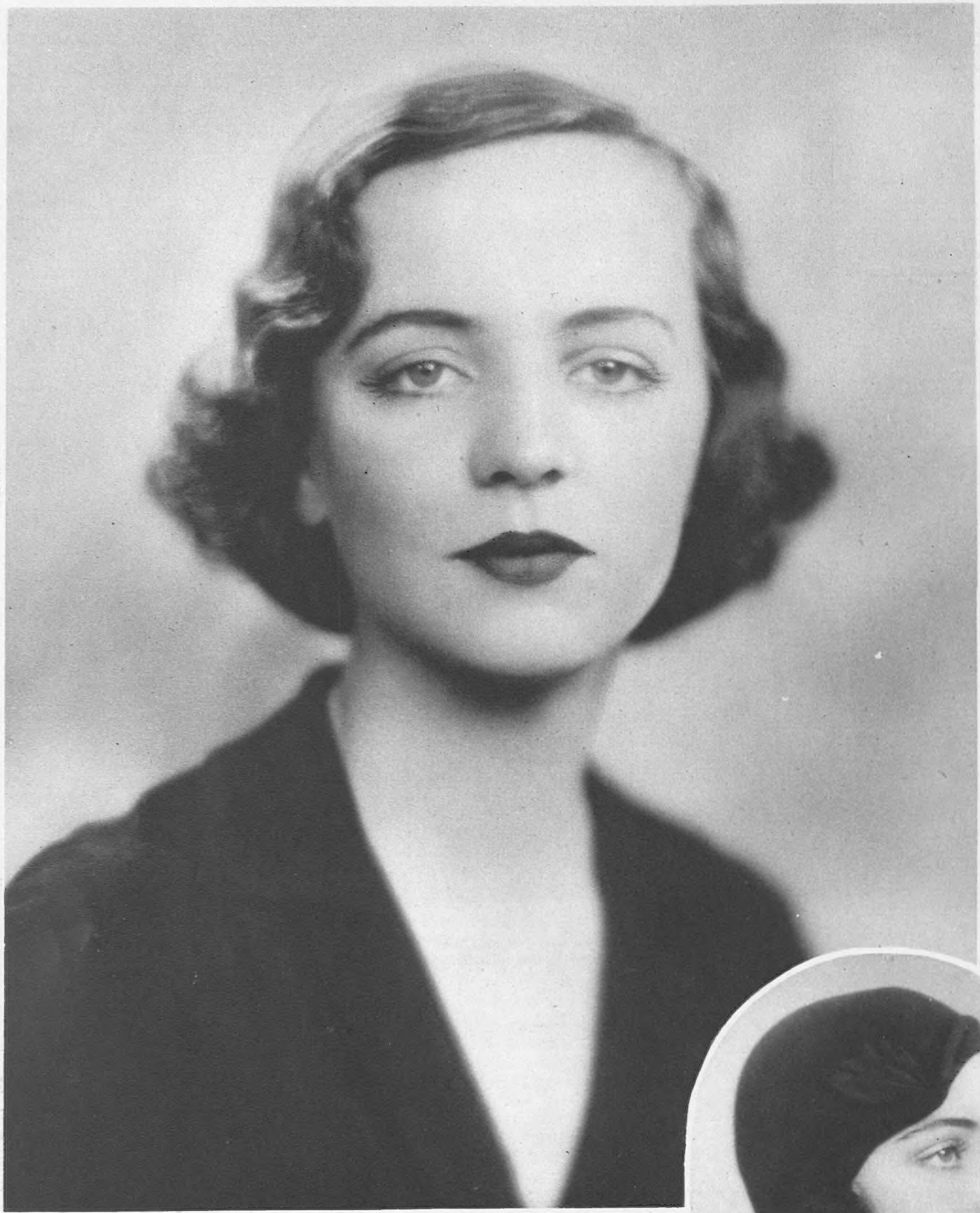
ADMIRAL BASIL BROOKE, Comptroller of the Duke of York's Household, was in one of the ring-side seats at the Albert Hall on Thursday night. He told me that he was on his way down to see the golf finals at Sandwich. Another celebrity in the ring-side seats was Sir Beachcroft Towse, the blind V.C., who has so conquered his disability that he is said to play miniature golf. An excellent running commentary on the fights was given him by his next-door neighbour, Mr. Roscoe Matthews, and this, coupled with the sound of the punches, must have been most illuminating.

MR. MATTHEWS, who had been dining at the St. James's Club before the fight, had just returned

Bertram Park

Miss Nancy Malcolmson

The only daughter of Mr. Vernon Malcolmson and the Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson, who will be presented at one of this year's Courts. Her mother is the second sister of Lord Belper, of Kingston Hall, Derby



Photographs Bertram Park

The Countess of Lincoln

One of the most attractive young matrons in Society

The Countess of Lincoln, two photographs of whom appear on this page, was married to the Earl of Lincoln, the only son of the Duke of Newcastle, last year, and will be presented at the First Court, to-day, Wednesday. She was formerly Miss Eugenia Van Voorhees and is the adopted daughter of Mr. David Banks of Park Avenue, New York

The Passing Hour

(*Continued from page 201*)

from Newmarket, where he had duly backed Orwell. For once in a way the Two Thousand Guineas was run on a really fine day, and without any of that bitter east wind which blows over the Heath. Two well-knowns there were Miss Adele Astaire and her future sister-in-law, Lady Anne Hunloke, wearing that costume with little silver bobbles on it which I described in THE BYSTANDER some weeks ago.

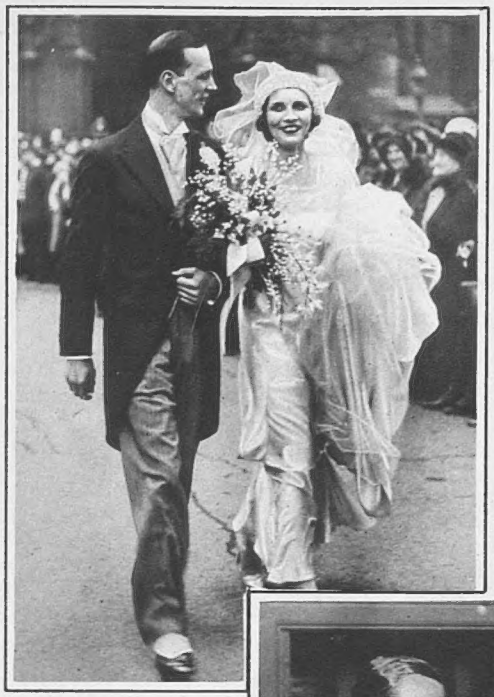
THE exodus to Newmarket was noticeable in the emptiness of the dance clubs and restaurants of Mayfair. However, the Duke of Marlborough was in evidence at the Ritz, with Lady Lindsay-Hogg, as he was at the Italian Ball a few days previously. He wears suède shoes at night, which are, however, not likely to set a fashion for our young men.

THE Anonymous Party was also graced by his Grace. At the last minute the venue was altered from Grosvenor Square to Belgrave Square. Miss Whigham, who had been at the Embassy the night before, danced with Lord Warwick. Towards the end of the evening there was a guessing competition as to the identities of the hosts and hostesses. Six people tied for the prize of a magnum of champagne. The givers of the party turned out to be Emerson Bainbridge, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Miss Sonia Converse, Sir Hugh Smiley, and Mrs. Ronald Trew, who announced her engagement during the evening.

THERE was one of the Embassy bands, and a party brought by Madame de Pena, after a dinner which began at 9 p.m. and went on until 11.45 p.m. Mr. David Rhys, the Ruthven twins, Sir Robert Throckmorton, the Horlicks, and Lady Bridgett Poulett were among the guests, some of whom left earlier than others.

ONE of the most ubiquitous guests at cocktail parties this week has been Alanova, whom I have at last met. She was at a party given by Mrs. Walter Dunkels, where Lady Davis, the beautiful widow of Sir Mortimer Davis, was present, and where I also saw Prince Toumanoff. Alanova's recitals at the Savoy will be very smart, I am sure. She herself gave a party at Claridge's, where our Mr. Randolph Churchill arrived with Mrs. d'Erlanger, and Mrs. Cochran was saying that she had lunched with Noel Coward, and had heard all about his new play and his adventures in the wilds. He is reported to have completed a new revue since his absence from these shores, and so it certainly looks as though he will become the lineal descendant of Edgar Wallace, as far as rapidity of work is concerned. When we shall see this latest Coward show is not finally settled.

PUNCH'S Club is doing very good business these days. At luncheon the other day Lady Diana Cooper was there with her husband. It came as quite a shock to see her in modern clothes after being enthralled by her performance as the Madonna in *The Miracle*. The Ranee of Pudukota was there, too, and so was Lady Birkenhead.



Above: Mr. Morley Kennerley, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Kennerley, of New York, and Miss Jean Simpson-Baikie, the only daughter of the late Brigadier-General Sir Hugh Simpson-Baikie, and of Lady Simpson-Baikie, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

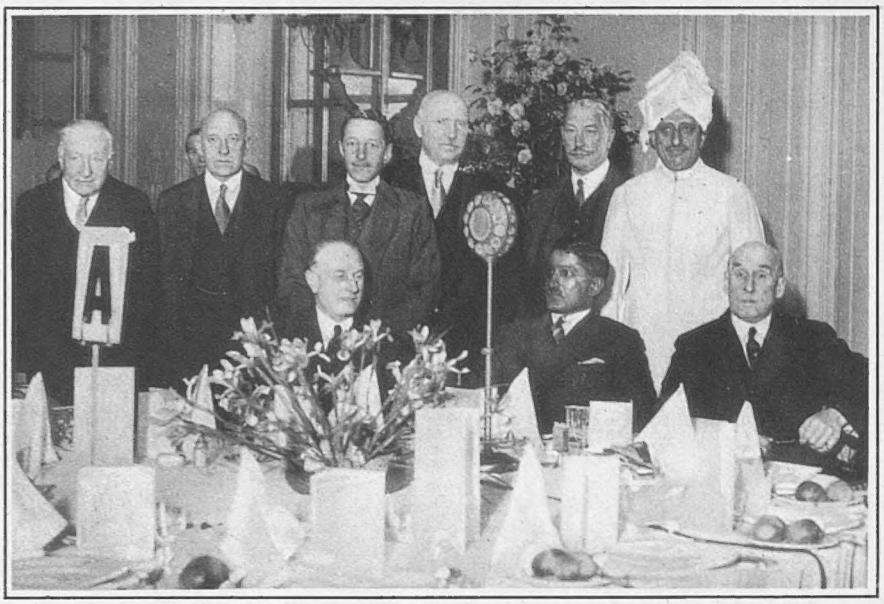
Above: Mr. Eric William Edward Mann, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Mann, and his bride, Miss Helen Sholto Douglas, after their wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Douglas of Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S., was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. S. Douglas

Right: Invitations to a party at the house of Baroness Quarles van Ufford, differed from the ordinary in that the name of the hostess was not known. On the right are Mr. Valadimar Provatoroff, Mrs. Ronald True, and Miss Sonia Converse, the two latter being revealed as among the hostesses late in the evening

A Party of Mystery

Two more guests at the mystery party. Miss Renate Müller, the famous film star of "Sunshine Susie" fame, and Mr. John Loder, also a film star, and a very popular young bachelor

Sport with

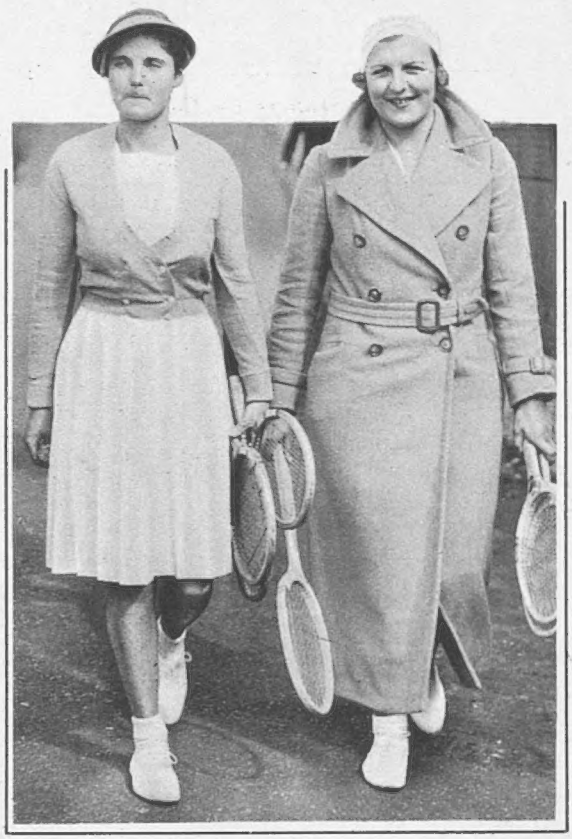


A Warm Welcome to the All-India Cricketers

Celebrities at the British Sportsmen's Club lunch at the Savoy to welcome the touring side led by the Maharajah of Porbandar, who is sitting near the microphone between Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Hawke. Included in the group behind are Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, Sir G. Ryrie, Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Decies, and Colonel Nawab Sir Umar Hayat Khan

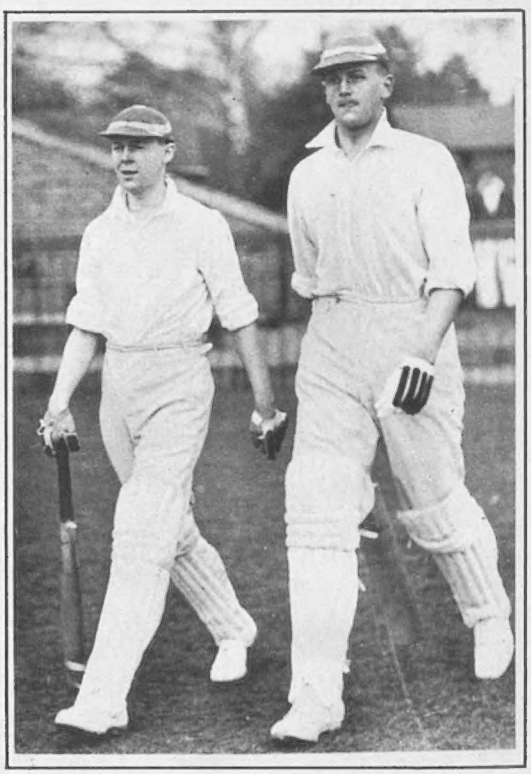
An English Affair

Leonard Crawley (Brancepeth Castle), the holder, and E. T. Tipple (Addington Palace) setting off to play their second round match in the English Amateur Close Championship on the Royal St. George's course at Sandwich. The former won the match by 3 and 1



Check to the Queen

Miss K. Stammers, the young player who has been doing great things of late, and Miss Betty Nuthall setting out to play their single in the third round of the British Hard Courts Championships at Bournemouth. The latter, who has regained her form, won the first set to love and the second at 7—5



Cricket at Oxford

D. G. Oswald and P. G. Van Der Bijl going out to open the innings for the latter's side in the Oxford Seniors' Trial. The latter played a fine innings of 103 before retiring

It is good to know that Adrian Stoop is to be President of the Rugby Union next year. No man has worked harder, or more unselfishly for Rugby football, and I am certain that Mr. Stoop will make a better President than some people imagine. I think, indeed, that he will make a first-rate President, though there are those who fear that he may be a little tactless, and he is certainly not the best of after-dinner speakers. I'm prepared to wager, however, that he will be tactful and even diplomatic on appropriate occasions, and his speaking will improve with practice; as soon, in fact, as he realises that ten minutes is the utmost limit for the length of any speech.

Mr. Walter Pearce, the retiring president, who has held office for three years, with remarkable success has improved out of all knowledge as a speaker. At first he was not quite sure of himself, but now his delivery is easy, confident, and impressive. What is more, he preaches the Rugby football gospel with much needed force and independence. They are great men, these Rugby Union leaders, and I must say I have also a wholesome respect for the Football Association authorities, who have been very level-headed over this question of poaching by French clubs.

Another problem before the Football Association was brought into prominence by the disputed goal in the Cup Final. It is too late in the day to comment upon this, though the proposal that in future there should be two referees, one in each half of the field, seems to me incredibly stupid and quite impracticable. The agitation for goal judges at each end of the field is not much better, unless the duty of such judges be restricted solely to seeing whether the ball remains in play. The fact is that the referee and the linesmen between them should be able to handle a game perfectly efficiently, though in the

the Lid Off

A Fair, Frank and Free Commentary

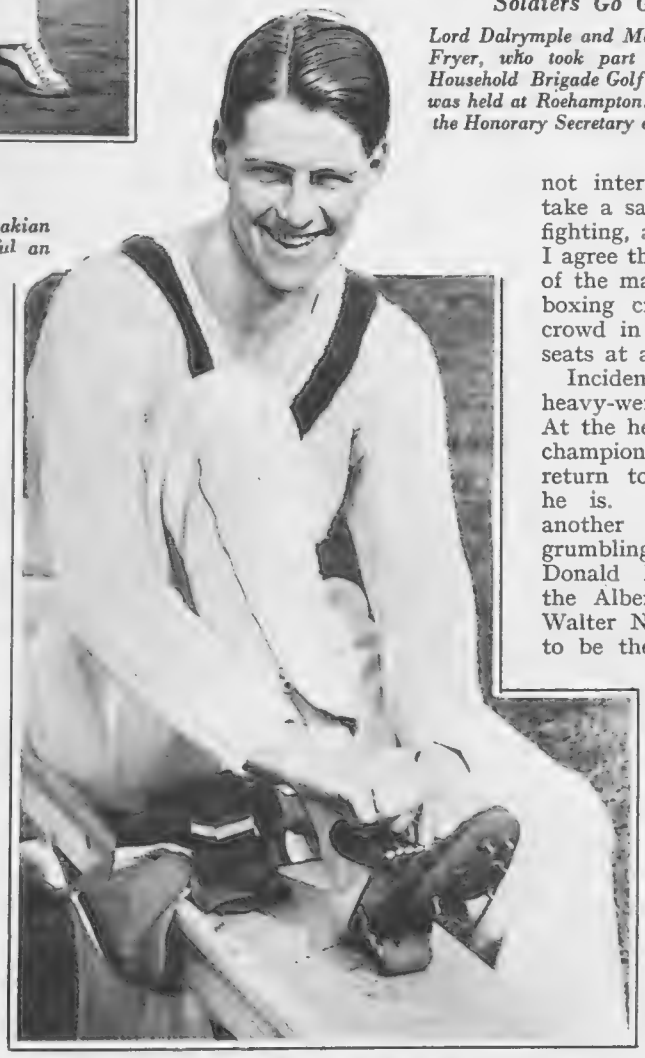
By "Mark Over"

A Hard Hitter

R. Menzel, the Czechoslovakian player, who made so successful an appearance in the Hard Courts Championships at Bournemouth. He was beaten in the semi-final by G. Lyttleton Rogers, by 6—3, 2—6, 10—8, 7—5

Soldiers Go Golfing

Lord Dalrymple and Major E. R. M. Fryer, who took part in the recent Household Brigade Golf meeting which was held at Roehampton. The latter is the Honorary Secretary of the Meeting



The Smiling Lieutenant

Lieut. G. L. Rampling, who will represent Britain in the forthcoming Olympic Games at Los Angeles, seen at the White City, where he has been training under the famous Cambridge and England athlete, Guy M. Butler. He will compete in the quarter-mile, of which he is the Amateur Athletic Association champion

Cup Final the photographs showed that the linesman was badly left behind.

While we are dealing with this business of refereeing, that was a curious incident at Edmonton the other day, when Mr. Harry Abrahams disqualified Tom Benjamin, who was boxing Red Pullen, for "ungentlemanly conduct." Benjamin pushed Pullen over the ropes with one hand, and held him there while he hammered him with the other hand. Obviously he deserved to be disqualified, though some critics would have put down his offence as holding. Still, the boxing rules give a referee plenty of latitude, and Mr. Abrahams was quite justified. Mr. Donmall, the B.B.B.C. secretary, agreed with the decision, and then went on, it is said, to remark that "women are increasingly coming to boxing matches, and the Boxing Board of Control look to referees to see that the sport is properly and cleanly conducted."

The reasoning here is hard to follow. Women have nothing to do with it. Boxing must be properly and cleanly conducted for its own sake; there is no need to drag in the spectators, unless we are to suppose that men enjoy watching foul fighting, which is nonsense.

It is true, none the less, that women are coming to boxing shows in increasing numbers, and very unpleasant it is to see them at the ring-side. I may be prejudiced, but I feel very strongly that women are out of place at a fight. They know nothing about the science of boxing, and are not interested in it, for that matter. They simply take a sadistic pleasure in the more brutal aspects of fighting, and, to my mind, their presence is degrading. I agree that the same criticism may be applied to some of the male spectators, but then I hold no brief for a boxing crowd, which is about the most unsavoury crowd in the world, as a glance round the ring-side seats at any big fight will quickly prove.

Incidentally, it is curious how many really good heavy-weights are cropping up in Germany just now. At the head of the list is Max Schmeling, the world's champion, and then there is Schonrath, who is to return to this country soon, and a useful fighter he is. Heine Muller, the German champion, is another one, though he did himself no good by grumbling about Jimmy Wilde's refereeing when Donald McCorkindale beat him so conclusively at the Albert Hall a few days ago. Still another is Walter Neusel, and this young man may yet prove to be the best of them, for he has all the qualities which go to make a world-beater.

Turning for a moment to cricket, I notice that Warwickshire and Essex have agreed that the hours of play in their county cricket match shall be 12.30—2, 2.45—5, 5.15—7.30. This, I think, is a sensible use of the permission to alter hours of play so that evening cricket may be possible. Other counties are trying two spells of three hours each, beginning at 1.30, with no luncheon interval. This imposes a severe strain on the fielding side, particularly when the weather is hot and grounds are hard.

Everyone will wish Lieut. G. L. Rampling, the A.A.A. quarter-mile champion, a speedy recovery from his recent operation for throat trouble. I am told that should he not break down in training, and I sincerely hope he will not, this grand runner is almost bound to win the quarter-mile event at the Olympic Games.

At the "Nineteenth"

Major W. M. Ozanne, of the Army Golfing Society, and Squadron-Leader E. A. Faweus, two players in the match between the Army and the Royal Air Force

Wing-Commander H. J. C. Hunter and Squadron-Leader C. Boumphrey "piping" each other to battle-stations

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Pictures*

Service Rivals at West Hill

The Army Golfing Society beats the Royal Air Force by 11 points to 1 in their annual battle

Above: Major A. G. Barry playing from the rough to the fourth green. He beat Squadron-Leader C. Boumphrey two up

Right: Flying-Officer G. F. Macpherson driving from the fifth tee. In the singles he lost to Capt. A. C. Giles by one down

Above: Mr. C. F. Bond, of the Army Golfing Society, finds himself well-bunkered at the fourth

Above: Wing-Commander J. C. M. Lowe, Capt. A. C. Giles, Major W. M. Ozanne, and Major P. E. D. Pank, discuss a game and a glass

Left: Mr. E. S. Scott, who with Mr. N. R. Reeves, constituted the first pair for the Army, driving from the fifth tee

Hims before Action. Flying-Officer P. E. Drew, Flying-Officer K. A. Jackman, and Mr. D. F. Coburn waiting to do battle at West Hill

Hors d'Oeuvres: By "Caviare"

Left: The Countess of Seafield and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, at the Seafield Scottish seat, Castle Grant, which they have been visiting for the first time since their marriage

Below is seen Mrs. Derek Murphy, one of the most popular young marrieds in Mayfair. A Canadian, she married Capt. Derek Murphy, formerly Irish Guards

Up in Scotland

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT has the prettiest and most perfectly-shaped mouth in London. Mrs. Rex Colclough has a fascinating mouth and so has Miss Adele Astaire, soon to be Lady Charles Cavendish. Miss Diana Coventry has a happy mouth, which never by any chance looks cross or sad, but Lady Diana Wellesley's is a little wistful.

MRS. REGGIE SHEFFIELD, whom we all remember as Mrs. Glen Kidston, has been in London looking very well, very happy, and very pretty. She spends all her time in the country these days. Isn't it odd how the gayest people settle down when they are contentedly married?

THERE is a nasty scandal being whispered around about a very important beauty and a man with a voice.

ALICIA ALANOVA is a darling, and so graceful that it is a joy to see her walk into a room. She is very intelligent too, can listen as well as talk about world affairs besides herself. She has lovely hands and arms. No wonder Paris and Vienna are mad about her.

I THINK the Duchess of Roxburghe is the best-dressed of all our Duchesses; the Duchess of Sutherland used to be, but no one can wear the new over-the-eye caps quite so smartly, and yet with such dignity, as the Duchess of Roxburghe. I have never seen her yet without a fox-fur of sorts round her shoulders.

IT does amuse me how the moment one becomes Royal, or heavily titled, one also becomes beautiful. All the gossips speak of Prince Lennart's bride as the "beautiful Mrs. Bernadotte." Now Miss Karin Nissvandt that was is a nice-looking girl, but she is not even strikingly pretty, let alone beautiful, and I venture to suggest that had she married a Swedish Mr. Jones, no one would have used such an adjective for her.

Clothes and the Woman

Lady Mappin, Mrs. Sydney Van den Bergh and Mrs. Sainsbury. They are seen watching a mannequin display at a leading British couturière's

THE new Lord Mount-Temple is without doubt the best-looking man in the House of Lords. Tall, distinguished, without a grey hair, it is impossible to believe that he is over sixty. His sons-in-law, Lord Louis Mountbatten and Capt. Cunningham Reid, are both good-looking men, and could one find a more lovely trio than Lady Mount-Temple, Lady Louis, and Titian-haired Mrs. Cunningham-Reid?

THE rumours of an imminent separation between a much-talked-about lovely, who married recently, and her known-in-the-motor-trade husband, are untrue. They are back together again and quite devoted to each other.

MISS JANET MEGREW frightens me: I feel she might keep a stiletto in her stocking. She is very vivacious and is working hard in British films. Miss Joan Barry gets more attractive in every picture she makes. I feel sure Hollywood will capture her soon. Miss Elizabeth Allan is another star who certainly has a future.

LORD and Lady Durham were lunching at the Ritz looking a little sad after the sale of all their treasures, but Lady Durham was cheering herself and others with a cherry-red straw hat. Like her father, she is devoted to the Turf, which is a good thing, as Lord Durham's uncle is the famous George Lambton of Newmarket.

MRS. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, who is an American, and devoted to music, is one of the hostesses for Olga Lynn's Æolus Concerts. Mrs. Cartwright enjoys all charity entertainments—especially pageants. She has some fine Egyptian jewels and draperies in which she loves to appear. Many of her friends have photographs of her in a Cleopatra head-dress, complete with scorpion.

LADY SEAFIELD and her husband, Mr. Studley-Herbert, are at Castle Grant for a few days. Scottish though she may be, Lady Seafield much prefers the sunshine, and since her marriage has spent most of her time in the South of France. They are the gayest couple, enjoying everything, everybody, and themselves.

WHY is there a blood-row between a débutante and an ex-débutante? Surely the cause is too stupid to be true!

THE three noisy young men who had a bachelor evening the other night have an account to settle in more than one way.

MY prize this week is for Mr. John Loder, for being so attractive that he has caused more comment, excitement, flutterings, and speculation in a few weeks in Mayfair, than anyone else in years.

D

Collaborators at Large: Harris and Fairlie present—

Blunder and

"We took him in with us in order not to have to pay for dinner—but it didn't work"

HARRIS and I have been to a greyhound racing meeting. We found a rich-looking man outside and took him in with us in order not to have to pay for dinner—but it didn't work.

We all three got badly bitten indeed. Not by the dogs, but by the idea.

After we had discussed the matter at the . . . after we had discussed the matter at very great length we decided that we would buy a dog. Harris and I said we wanted a black one, but the rich-looking gentleman said he preferred a blonde, which is the difference between rich men and Harris and I. The other difference is that we got the blonde. The rich-looking gentleman (hereinafter referred to as the owner), myself (hereinafter referred to as the trainer), and Harris (hereinafter referred to as the Crowd) thought we had better try it out.

The Crowd said you could not have a public trial without a little previous training, and as he intended to be present the trial would have to be public. The owner said that he concurred and agreed, which is redundant but awfully like owners. The trainer realised that he was for it, and tried to think out what you did to a greyhound to make it fit.

Then the Crowd produced a little unexpected local knowledge. He said that you had to walk greyhounds for miles and miles, and that the next street was in another district where they remain open for another half an hour.

But an unexpected hitch occurred. The greyhound refused to move from the fire of the public saloon, and the Crowd said that that would be all right as long as we called it by name. The trainer asked the owner for the name.

The owner thought quickly, and then tried one or two. The greyhound failed to take the slightest interest, which was scarcely surprising, as the owner mentioned feminine names and the greyhound was no lady. But the trainer suddenly said: "Come on, you," which moved the animal at once. So we called it Lightning.

After that the trainer really got going with the training, and walked Lightning assiduously. One evening in the Park, when the owner was with the trainer and the Crowd was on the other side, all of it suddenly suggested that Lightning should be allowed a little run on its own. The owner concurred, and the trainer let the dog off its lead.

"Where is it?" asked the owner.

"I think it went in that direction," suggested the trainer, frankly disturbed.

After we had got it back from Hampstead, the Crowd said that perhaps enough training had been done for the public trial. The trainer and owner were equally emphatic.

We arranged with the authorities for permission to hold our trial and to have Lightning timed. We got him to the trap all right, and offered him the entrance. Lightning impolitely declined it. Throwing diplomacy to the winds, the Crowd acted as tractor, with the trainer pushing behind and the owner encouraging. This would have worked if the animal had not become amused and lifted its lip.

"The 'Crowd' . . . suddenly suggested that Lightning should be allowed a little run on its own"

"Lightning": A Greyhound Racing Tragedy in One Act

"Book" by Gerard Fairlie
Décor by H. H. Harris

"What do you do to make a greyhound fit?"

Then the trainer succeeded by guile where all of the Crowd had failed. He threw a biscuit into the trap and Lightning obeyed his natural instincts. The gate at the back very nearly deprived the animal of its rudder.

"All set?" asked the man who controls the electric hare.

"Contact," said the trainer, in his best professional manner.

The man pressed a switch and the owner moved off rapidly.

When the Crowd got him off the hare he said that no bulletins would be issued, and returned to his proper place. The trainer touched where his forelock had been, and the Crowd cheered. All was ready.

The electric hare, which had been gaining speed round the track, passed the trap at a pretty pace. A man dropped his flag, and the trap flew open.

Lightning made a magnificent beginning, starting at roughly—very roughly—five hundred miles an hour and slowing down gradually to about two. The trainer turned to the owner to demand an explanation, but the Crowd didn't bother to ask any questions. He just put it into words.

The hound showed its intelligence by refusing to take the first corner in close proximity to the hare, thereby incurring no risk of interference. The idea, however, was spoilt by the fact that he overdid it and was some seventy yards behind at this stage. The Crowd then shouted "Rabbits!" which interested Lightning considerably; he stopped and lifted up his ears, listening intently. This not being precisely what the Crowd had intended, since the Crowd had backed him against the hare with the trainer, he then shouted "Hare!" which frightened Lightning so much that he started off again. This would have been excellent, but he did it in the wrong direction and had to be stopped by the trainer and set on the right course, the trainer summoning all his courage and applying a slight corrective measure. Lightning responded to this with remarkable alacrity, and then the real race began.

It was at once obvious to the trainer that the slight corrective measure had been resented by the animal. The trainer also realised that the Crowd had been right about that smile. The trainer remembered what the Crowd had done in similar circumstances, and got away to a good start.

So did the dog.

The trainer took the first corner in fine style, with Lightning lying a nice second.

Along the far straight the trainer met the hare going the other way, but didn't stop to examine this phenomenon.

"The animal lifted its lip"

Lightning, however, suddenly got confused and turned after the hare.

The Crowd found the trainer very much later that day in another part of London. The Crowd was definitely indignant at the result of the trial. The trainer was apologetic until he discovered that it was not that result which he knew that had so disturbed the Crowd, but the disappearance of the owner, plus Lightning, leaving behind him only documentary evidence that he had ever existed.

This took the form of the final demand for the first payment on Lightning.

"The trainer didn't stop to examine this phenomenon"

Howard Marshall *says* "How d'ye do?" *to* CRICKET: *The Counties and their Prospects*

SOMEWHERE, I think, in a poet's imagination there must be shaping a ballade of cricket grounds. Perhaps the ballade has already been written. Possibly the envoi goes something like this:

Prince, before the umpire lifts the bails,
Though shadows lengthen and the wickets fall,
Smile and be thankful, for if all else fails,
Here you once played the noblest game of all.

It would be a grand ballade, bringing in the majesty of Lord's, the green glory of the Parks at Oxford, the happy perfection of Worcester, the gaiety of Canterbury, and the dourness of Old Trafford—a grand ballade, which I would write myself if I could put two lines of verse together.

In the meanwhile, Lord's glistens with new paint, as befits the aristocrat of cricket grounds. And if you happen to live in the St. John's Wood neighbourhood, and are either a man of leisure or one of those fortunate individuals who can steal an hour or two in the afternoon unrebuked, there is a feast of cricket before you. I mention this because there are no three days in succession without a fixture at Lord's until August 17.

Oxford Gets Busy

Once again cricket has returned to Oxford, and for some time past all the nets have been in heavy demand in the beautiful Parks Ground at Oxford. J. G. Harrison (Corpus Christi) is seen above taking a knock whilst F. E. Burge (Magdalen) keeps wicket

A Turn with the Ball

K. S. Duleepsinhji bowling to R. S. G. Scott during practice on the Sussex County ground at Hove, where "tuning up" has been going on strenuously

The Merry Maurice

That indefatigable bowler and cheery sportsman, Maurice Tate, returning from net practice at Hove. He is a tower of strength in the Sussex eleven and is universally popular

MIDDLESEX play ten of their fourteen home matches at headquarters before the end of June; the M.C.C. meet Surrey, Yorkshire, Kent, the two Universities, All India, and South America; there is a Test Match on June 25, the 'Varsity Match on July 4, Eton and Harrow on July 8, and then the Schools Fortnight at the end of July, and the Services matches will be played in between whiles.

This is a fine programme, and it would be even better if ever one could be sure that Middlesex would be able to make a serious bid for the County Championship. Last year Middlesex finished up sixteenth on the list, which was disappointing when we consider how formidable they would be if such amateur players as G. O. Allen, R. W. V. Robins, G. T. S. Stevens, H. J. Enthoven, and E. T. Killick could turn out regularly for the county. As it is, Hendren and Hearne have too large a responsibility, though I. A. R. Peebles hopes to play in all the county matches this season, and J. C. Atkinson-Clarke, who batted so well for Eton against Harrow two years ago, may be a useful recruit.

IT so happens that the County Championship is very open this summer. There is no outstanding team, though Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Kent, and Sussex all have high hopes of success. Yorkshire go about their cricket with praiseworthy thoroughness, and in February and March they gave special coaching to their most likely youngsters. Now George Hirst is hard at work putting the finishing touches to the team, and Yorkshire certainly will not fail for want of preparation. They may fail, however, through lack of bowling, for Bowes, Verity, and Macaulay seem poorly supported. We all hope that Leyland will find his form, for what a promising player he was two years ago!

YORKSHIRE may have some anxious moments over the question of captaincy, though it is possible that F. E. Greenwood may take on the job again. Here Kent are particularly lucky, for they will be led by A. P. F. Chapman, who has a great gift for getting the best out of his men. If only Kent could find a really good fast bowler, what a dangerous and attractive side they would be! They have any amount of batting, with the incomparable Woolley, and Ames, Ashdown, and Hardinge, but Freeman is the hope of his side in the bowling line. It was rather interesting to note that last summer Kent were never beaten when C. S. Marriott was able to play, for although both he and Freeman are spin bowlers, together they made our slow-footed modern batsmen most uncomfortable. Freeman admittedly worked wonders even when Marriott was not there to support him; but he could not be expected to carry the entire attack on his own shoulders.

SOMEHOW I feel that justice would be done if Gloucestershire won the championship this year, so gallantly did they press Lancashire two seasons ago, and so stubbornly did they fight their way to second place last summer. B. H. Lyon leads them again, though, to their sorrow, he

(*Continued on page* vi)

Playing for the Prince of Wales's Cup

A Golfing Occasion at Sandwich

T. A. Torrance
The Walker Cup Captain, approaching the eighteenth during the competition for the Prince of Wales's Cup

John G. de Forest, a competitor in the Prince of Wales's Cup, played over the Prince's Club's course

Eric Fiddian (Stourbridge) and A. Jordan Jones (Trentham) busy with the score-card. The former tied for second place with A. S. Newey (Moseley), with a score of 152

Above: Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon and Brig.-General Critchley seen on the course. They are both members of Prince's Club

Left: The Hon. Michael Scott driving off from the eighteenth tee. His club is the Royal St. George's

Above: J. W. Bealey (Walton Heath) and Rex Hartley (Prince's) discussing clubs and swings

Left: Leonard Crawley (Brancepeth Castle) and Capt. Algernon Pearson (Royal St. George's) enjoying a nice little tee-time chat

Right: E. Noel Layton (Walton Heath), the winner of the Prince of Wales's Cup. He returned a score of 151 for the thirty-six holes played

"There is an air of expectancy in London. . . . Dowagers de-moth-balling their Tiaras"

"Eddie" Tatham

—London's most out-and-about Bachelor—

Salutes the Opening of the Season now that

The "DEBS" are on PARADE

Nicholas Bentley drew the Pictures

THERE is an air of expectancy in London, maîtres d'hôtels are devising new dishes, caterers counting their crockery, dressmakers dreaming of new models, florists urging their orchids, leaders of orchestras teeing and keying-up their violins, gossip writers sharpening their pencils, dowagers de-moth-balling their tiaras, ineligible younger sons visting their tailors, while their eligible elder brothers pray for mumps or some such monastic ailment.

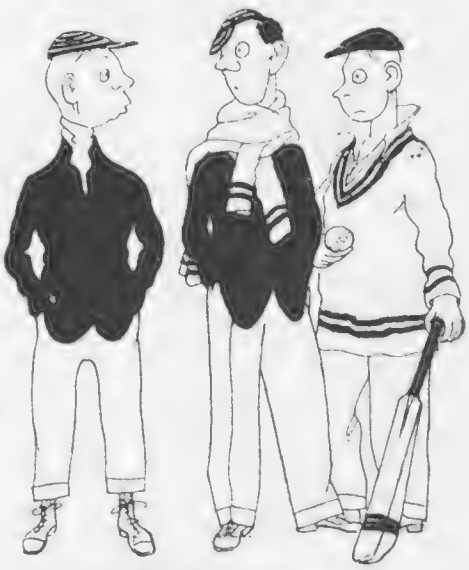
The season is opening, oysters are shutting, "The 'Debs.' are coming to Town."

The country ones are giving a final pat to the rotund end of their favourite horse, and perhaps the same to their old nurse; they have penned a hectic farewell to their beloved school-games' mistress, and with healthy, shiny faces are looking forward to their first season.

The London variety have returned from various foreign capitals where they have been suitably "finished," and with de-glossed faces and carmine-tinted nails of toe-and-finger variety, they more disdainfully prepare for the future. Many of them appear in public before the season proper and become—what has hitherto been an American prerogative—a "Sub Deb.," rather like a child who is allowed to nibble the icing off its cake before finishing its bread and butter.

NOT many years ago the average débutante reminded one of the heroine in Robert Burns's "Ode to a Field Mouse"; now when she descends on a welcoming metropolis, her progress is more in keeping with Southey's "Falls of Lodore." *Then*, London still had its full quota of stately mansions; there were many dinner parties for many balls; a nightly procession up big-bosomed stair-cases; much furtive discussion as to the state of the ball-room floor, the excellence of the band, and the thrilling numbers of theatres one had visited.

Many of those Buds of yesterday have blossomed into full-quivered matrons; they were the wise ones who decided to treat their male acquaintances as a butterfly treats a field of cabbages—flutters round, hovers over them, perhaps even chastely embraces them, until she finds a super-cabbage well placed, and decides to make her domestic arrangements with him. They are now proud possessors of perambulators whose occupants will shortly develop into charming adenoidy adolescents, who cover the playing fields of Eton like little blobs of caviare. Not too much was expected of the young man of yesterday; admittedly a Guardsman, as now, was always "Gala," but a fairly clammy non-combatant who could pass an ordinary social cruet, not get too flushed after port, stand at the edge of a ball-room fidgeting with much-petroled gloves and mutter, "Missing three, please, Miss Cylcleholme"? was fairly sure of a mantel-piece of invitations to weekday meals and week-end beds.



"Who cover the playing fields of Eton like little blobs of Caviare"

To meet the requirements of a modern débutante, a young man must have the "Je ne sais quoi" of a jazz band leader, plus the sex-appeal of the cinema stars who are now descending on these shores as thick as the late Manna from Heaven; he should also have the necessary wherewithal to supply the answer to the modern maiden's prayer—"Let 's go on somewhere," and if, in addition, he has a car, and will use it when told, he is entitled to be called a "lamb" or even "darling."

THE present era of flat-dwelling and scarcity of money has changed the social life of a débutante, as has also the universal newspaper feature of "gossip"

"Eddie" Tatham

A speaking likeness to accompany the written word of our latest contributor. Mr. Tatham, who goes everywhere and knows everybody, has written this article specially for "The Bystander"

Photo by Hughes

"The Débutante was lucky if she crept into print described as 'a girlish figure in white,' when accompanying her mother to some function"

"A final pat to their old nurse"

articles. Not long ago it was the stage stars, professional beauties, and young Marrieds who figured in the illustrated papers, their features helped with a little suitable letterpress. The Débutante was lucky if she crept into print described as "a girlish figure in white," when accompanying her mother to some function.

To-day the actresses are opening maternity homes, the young Marrieds shutting shops, and the professional beauties are dead, whilst the débutantes have their anatomy, and its attendant drapery, discussed in detail in the Popular Press—it is a very out-of-touch bank clerk who could not easily tell you the latest tint of our latest débutante's big toe!

THERE are very few of the old-time large social functions, so our present-day maidens have to content themselves with cocktail parties, charity dances, small dinner parties for the theatre or cinema, followed by dancing at the favoured restaurant or club of the moment. Chaperons, too, unless protected by the Government like plovers' eggs, look like becoming extinct. Many parents now meekly go out of the house when their daughters entertain, or arrange to go to a different restaurant if both wish to dine out.

There is still one thrill, though, left to our débutante, that is her first Court; the ordeal of rehearsing her curtsey, the visit to the photographer, the self-conscious wait in the Mall, the wonder of the actual presentation, and the glow of going on to a party with the three little white feathers bobbing bravely aloft as she struts around the floor like a triumphant white pullet.

Yes, soon they will be with us, tall ones, small ones, fat ones, thin ones, pretty ones, homely ones; and it will be interesting to see how many amongst this crop will set all the male hearts beating faster; last year there were three, this year there is already promise of one; the soil is ready for the seedlings, the gardeners stand around, so, as the dear Vicar said: "What will the Harvest be?"

"The Country ones are giving a final pat to the rotund end of their favourite horse"

MENTION of the Vicar prompts the thought that some of these little tinted-toed children should realise that all this pleasing publicity carries with it some responsibility. It is very nice for them to be able to fill an album full of press cuttings of their fads, fancies, foibles, etc., all having been faithfully recorded by a cocktail-warmed society reporter, but in these difficult days it might not be a bad thing if they could read that they had done something that really mattered. One family of very charming, but not much featured, girls has adopted a whole East-End family, and each girl provides the clothes for one of her less-fortunate "sisters"; they also have a cottage on their country estate where they have different poor families down to stay, and provide all the help needed to keep the house clean, so that their visitors can have a real rest as well as a change. There are plenty of chances for our débutantes to help spread their charm and prettiness amongst a slightly larger circle than that bounded by Mayfair; they could visit hospitals, and take flowers to the patients, and many other unselfish actions. Many do their little unseen kindnesses, no doubt, but there is still a chance for many more.

On which somewhat ponderous note of moral uplift let these impertinent observations come to a timely end.

"In-eligible younger sons are visiting their tailors"

Hits and Misses

Two clever players who have hit the Thespian target well and truly in the centre

Paul Tanqueray

Pearl Argyll

The young English dancer who is appearing in "Helen!" at the Adelphi Theatre. Frank Tuttle, the American producer, saw her dancing at the Ballet Club and was so impressed by her performance that he has secured her to appear in John Galsworthy's play "Apple Blossom"

Vera Poliakoff

Who plays the part of Mary Norton, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen in Clifford Bax's play, "The Rose Without a Thorn," at the Duchess Theatre. In private life she is the wife of Mr. Basil Burton, who is the nephew of Lord Rothermere

Yevonde

If Gossip We Must...

Sickly Politicians — Shakespeare Celebrations — Absent Stars — Royal Academy Carpers : Literary Camouflage

June and Nadejda, two clever young dancers who do not hesitate to put on frills in the cause of art. They are appearing in "The Cat and the Fiddle" at the Palace Theatre

With the Prime Minister suffering from his eyes and the Chancellor of the Exchequer suffering from gout in the foot, and the Government getting it rather in the neck over the Wakefield election, politics have been hardly comfortable for some of the great and good. At the same time, if Mr. George Lansbury and Mr. Arthur Greenwood choose to indulge in whoopings of joy and to talk about the writing on the wall and the turning of the tide, with other stale old Parliamentary metaphors, just because 13,586 people voted for them, while 13,242 voted for the other feller—well, who would grudge them their glee ? Like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, they are very easily amused.

Mr. Greenwood is a good organiser, however, and he will again prove useful in rallying the Socialistic forces and putting in good work at the Socialist Party Information Bureau—his old haunt. But he will have but a sadly diminished band, only forty-six to be exact, to give information about and to rally.

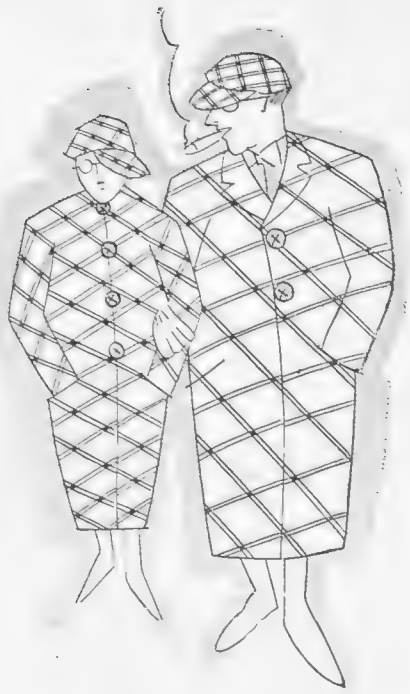
I thought Mr. Baldwin made an admirable speech at Stratford-on-Avon after the mayoral lunch to launch the red-brick horror which has sprung up on the banks of the river Shakespeare loved. It is on such occasions that Mr. Baldwin is at his very best ; indeed, he should, I think, be retained as a permanent orator for special celebrations in the new building. This need not interfere with his politics, and it would compensate in some measure for the loss of Miss Marie Corelli, without whom the birthplace of the Bard has never seemed quite the same.

The other speeches did not show up well in comparison. Although Sir Frank Benson was eloquent, he went on far far too long. But the Prince of Wales was in good form at the actual opening ceremony.

Marion Harris

Right : Whose witty and sophisticated songs have made her one of the most popular cabaret artistes of to-day. She is a great favourite at the Café de Paris, where her original songs are always eagerly awaited

Above : Yvonne Arnaud, who, countless playgoers are relieved to know, is now getting on well after her recent serious operation. She first sprang into fame when she played the part of Suzanne in "The Girl in the Taxi"



"But why did you omit the roof in that painting of your house you submitted to the Academy?"

"Oh, I wanted to give the critics something to slate!"

When we entered the theatre we all felt much happier, not only because it was warmer, but because the interior of the building is really rather fine.

It is, of course, easy to make cheap fun of pageantry and to smile at those young men and maidens, old men and children, who paraded the streets in Tudor costume beneath the leaden skies and the biting wind of an English April. Yet the whole business, from the decorations to the acting (which struck me and a lot of other people as being, for the most part, decidedly second-rate), seemed to be a fine opportunity wasted. In short, the whole show was not good enough. Shakespeare is the greatest poet the world has ever known. The city lacks nothing in picturesqueness, despite efforts to spoil it. The theatre, though hideous, is new and large, and the Prince of Wales opened it, on behalf of his Majesty the King, in the presence of half the Corps Diplomatique and celebrities galore. Surely it would have been more fitting to have let a master-hand at the pageant business take charge, and, still more important, to have seen to it that the play selected was acted by a company of really famous Shakespearean actors—Henry Ainley, Matheson Lang, and players of equal calibre.

ENTER CRICKET

THE goal posts and flags are stored away,
The "muddied oafs" all are fled,
They reigned supreme for a winter's day
But now they must bow their head.
For Rugger is done and Soccer is done
Till September shall come again,
So don gloves and pads, you cricketing lads
To welcome King Willow's reign.

The grass is a picture of verdant green
To welcome the man who bowls,
And a new coat of paint now adorns the screen
To gladden the batsmen's souls.
And the scorer 's here and the umpire 's here
And the pitch it is marked full plain,
So come one and all with bat and with ball
To welcome King Willow's reign.

The Oval and Lord's have returned to life,
The village green knows once more,
The hard-fought battles and sporting strife
That it knew in the days of yore.
Yes, summer weather is with us now
So, though it 's against the grain,
Grab your mac and your gamp, come out in the damp,
And welcome King Willow's rain!

B. W.

Theatrical Agent: "What's your speciality?"
Thespian: "I'm the one and only British actor who didn't work with Charlie Chaplin years ago"

By Harold Beards

Why could there not have been, at any rate for this one occasion, an all-star cast?

Perhaps when the present theatre follows the example of its predecessor and is burned down (a consummation devoutly to be wished) this suggestion will be borne in mind.

Meanwhile one can, when in Stratford-on-Avon, ponder on the history of the place, struggle with unimaginative "roast-and-boiled" and stewed rhubarb and custard, and spend the best part of an hour trying to get a trunk call to London. There is an American Bar, where I sampled a Shakespeare cocktail. It tasted more like Milton.

I am seriously thinking of forming an Anti-Anti-Royal Academy Society. As sure as May comes round do we read and hear that everything to do with

Miss Myra Drummond

The attractive niece of the Earl of Perth. She is in the chorus of "The Dubarry," the new musical play running successfully at His Majesty's Theatre

Burlington House is foul; that no picture worth looking at is ever hung on its walls; that all R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s are incompetent old buffers, jealous of the talent of those outside; and that everything about the Paris Salon is wonderful. I wonder—at least, I don't wonder, for I know—exactly how much of this criticism springs from envy and disappointment. Of course, it is pretty annoying to have a picture rejected. When several pictures are rejected, representing, perhaps, one man's work for a whole year, it may be tragic. But it is strange that the unsuccessful painter never by any chance allows it to occur to him that his pictures may be rejected because they are not good enough. "They are afraid of me," or "They have a personal grudge against me," is

"Darling, don't you know it is very rude to make faces at old ladies?"

"But she made a face at me."

"No, darling, she didn't. That was her face!"

the usual cry. Well, such self-confidence is certainly a great asset and should be sufficient consolation in itself.

At the same time, no one is ass enough to pretend that the Academy is without blemish or that the selection committee, the hanging committee, and the rest of them, are infallible. It would be much more satisfactory if the big-wigs came forward openly and declared that the Academy is a "closed shop" (which, to all intents and purposes is the case), instead of pretending that it is something else and thus allowing large numbers of artists to suffer each year the chagrin and indignity of a rebuff.

But I imagine that the fashion will never die of shouting each spring-time that there is not a single good picture in the Exhibition, just because several good pictures (and some uncommonly bad ones) are outside it.

The wails of the young men who still make a pilgrimage from Chelsea and Bloomsbury to the Café Royal and put the artistic world to rights over a glass of lager which lasts them an hour or two, may be disregarded. Their predecessors did just the same before the war. But then it was absinthe, which killed some of them off and sent many others of them to early and disgruntled graves.

A HEADLINE appeared the other day—"The only man in the world who is not in love with Greta Garbo." Incorrect. There are at least two, for I am not in love with the lady. Moreover, I take no more interest in her rumoured engagements to be married than I do in the extent to which the heart of June (Lady Inverclyde) may or may not be broken. But my indifference to what obviously must be to many a glamorous personality is not the cause of my objection to her latest film, *Mata Hari*. Whether or no this is technically a good film it is not my province to decide. That the Garbo resembles Mata Hari (whom I saw several times) about as closely as she resembles Nurse Cavell or Queen Victoria, or Miss Nellie Wallace is also beside the point. What jars so infernally in this production is that every effort is made to induce the worst type of sentimental sympathy to be directed towards a woman who for the most sordid reasons was the cause of sending large numbers of soldiers of the Allies to their death. She is made an immaculate all-for-love heroine. She was nothing of the sort; and if she had sent German soldiers instead to their death she would have been no more hero.

One must grant Mata Hari pluck, but that is all. This Greta Garbled version of a very nasty little backwater of the war is well on a par with the tendency of some American films to idolise gangsters and make the lowest traits in human nature seem something rather fine.

THE death of Miss E. Everett-Green has brought to light the fact that she published books under another name—that of "Cecil Adair"—but there is nothing particularly unusual in this as many authors have written one form of book under one name and another form over another. The classic example was that of C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll") who also published mathematical works which "did not muse" Queen Victoria when she asked for copies of all his works after reading *Alice in Wonderland*. *Symbolic Logic*, for instance, hardly lends itself to entertainment unless one possesses a particular interest in the subject.

That famous humorist, F. Anstey, some thirty years ago, wrote a very strong story called *The Statement of Stella Maberley*, but this he published anonymously, and did not even use his own name of Guthrie. It was a creepy-crawly tale of great imaginative power, and was illustrated, if I remember rightly, by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

The Chin Game

Nigel Bruce (centre) chucks the chin of Freda Inescourt in a way that is by no means well received, what time Leslie Banks, who plays his friend, tries vainly to restrain him in a scene from "Spring Time for Henry." This comedy by Benn Levy has been well received in New York where several English players were in the cast

Janet Jevons

Ann Todd

As she appears in "The Heart Line." This new play with Maurice Evans, Jeanne de Casalis, and Milton Rosmer included in the cast is housed at the Lyric Theatre—the Shaftesbury Avenue, not the Hammersmith one of that ilk

My Weekly Thought

The Critics and the Stage

By Norman Thwaites

THAT fine old actor, Mr. William Farren, has voiced with justice a sentiment which all lovers of the British drama should welcome. He complains that the public is often given no chance to pass judgment on new plays because performances are all too often withdrawn for the reason that they "failed to secure the approval of the critics," before the artists have had time to settle into their parts and develop them to the best advantage.

Within the last few weeks a dozen plays have been taken off after two or three performances. Some of these had merit. I can recall plays that delighted me and found approval from discerning friends which, nevertheless, disappeared surprisingly quickly.

What is the explanation? Mr. Farren asks whether criticism has not become a medium to exhibit the critic's own smartness and flippancy. But the unfortunate critic is himself labouring under a handicap. At top speed he has to provide a considered judgment of a dramatic offering while the presses wait.

BUT if the dramatic critic has a difficult task, the actor is in worse case. He is going through the nerve-racking torment of a first night which to some artists is sheer agony. It is precisely the same sensation as "going over the top," but with this important difference: that the enemy opposite him is equally terrified, whereas the critic in his comfortable stall has nothing to fear so long as his contribution to next morning's paper is bright and perhaps smart and flippant, as Mr. Farren suggests.

I speak with some authority, for I had a brief experience with the Benson Company at Stratford-on-Avon just before the South African War, and I can testify that I was never half so frightened when facing Boer bullets as I was when, in mimic warfare, I faced Sir Frank Benson sword in hand.

IT is the fashion to-day to run down the British stage. The most primitive impertinence or decadent drivel may be sent over from Russia and people will be found who profess to admire it. To be sure of success an artist needs but add a Slavic "sky" to his name. If Mr. Taylor, of Tooting, wants to attract attention he had better call himself Schneider, of Swinemunde, with all speed.

Nowhere in the world is Shakespeare better rendered than in England. I defy anyone to discover greater talent than that displayed by such old Bensonians as Harry Ainley, Matheson Lang, Randle Ayrton, and O. B. Clarence, besides numerous others who have found the Benson Company an open sesame to the highest histrionic honours.

POSSIBLY it is true that popular actors of a generation ago had a larger following than those of to-day, but being actor-managers they had the advantage of selecting parts that suited them or were actually written for them.

A West-End Wedding

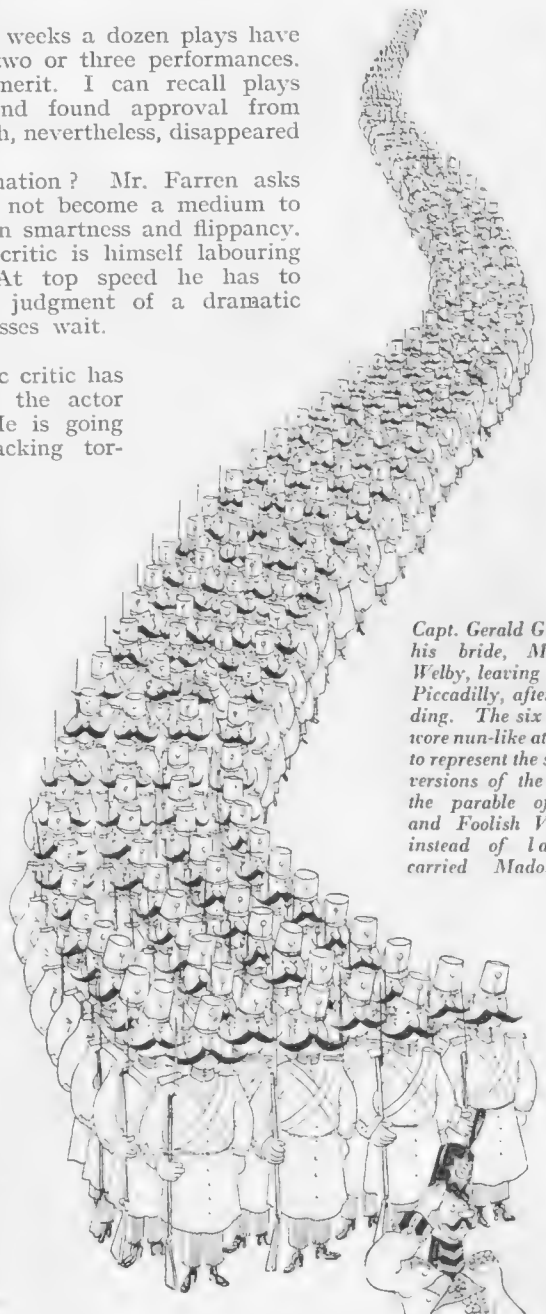
I venture to submit, however, that Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir Nigel Playfair, Harry Ainley, and Miss Edith Evans have almost as many admirers as had Sir Henry Irving, Sir John Hare, and Miss Ellen Terry.

As for playwrights, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Freddie Lonsdale, and Noel Coward are not unworthy successors to Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir James Barrie, and H. A. Jones, even if their plays are not awaited as such great events.

I am prepared to admit that the young actor and actress of to-day lack that training in stock companies that earlier Thespians could boast, when every actor was expected to go on for any part in Shakespeare and old English comedy plays that pertained to his line of business.

But the drama remains, of all arts, the one with most universal appeal.

For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.



Capt. Gerald Guinness and his bride, Miss Desirée Welby, leaving St. James's, Piccadilly, after their wedding. The six bridesmaids wore nun-like attire intended to represent the stained-glass versions of the Virgins in the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and instead of lamps they carried Madonna lilies

"Your bath is ready, General."

BY GOETZ

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SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

FINISHING HORSE. By DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.

GREYHOUNDS. By H. SEPTIMUS POWER

MISS VIVIEN ST. GEORGE. By DORIS ZINKEISEN

Above: The "Manhattan Madness" scene in "Face the Music," the producer of which is an Englishman, Hassard Short. Below, on the right, a "close-up" of three of the company in their symbolic costumes and wearing an out-size in the fashionable "stick-on" eyelashes. Below on the left: An artistic scene entitled "Venice in Rhine Stones," which appeals to the eye and is the hit of the show

Rhine Stones are Fine Stones

Super - Spectacle in New York

Pictorial Notes from "Face the Music," a musical comedy revue staged at the New Amsterdam Theatre

Seen below: The "Nudist Dance," showing the Rasch Girls posed revealingly against the rising sun

THE WORLD of the FILM:

A Weekly Commentary on Films of the Hour, and the Folk who make for their Success

Wonderful Fred Kerr—

"The First Mrs. Fraser"

—The Influx of Foreign Directors

By Wilfred James

A brace of stars embrace in a scene from the talkie version of the stage play, "The Broken Wing," which was recently shown at the Plaza. They are Melvyn Douglas and Lupe Velez

Lip Service on the Talkies

THE success of Fred Kerr, the veteran English actor, in American pictures, has been phenomenal. At an age when he might have been pardoned for contemplating sedate retirement, he burst in upon Hollywood, and, in an incredibly short space of time, succeeded in imprinting his personality on American pictures to such an extent that his salary, although one doesn't know what it is, must have been a record one for anybody doing that class of work. No Hollywood picture of English life seems complete without him—and, personally, I have never seen him give an indifferent performance.

THERE is no one in British pictures to compare with him. But perhaps that is because we don't seem to write into our films that particular brand of character. We have the actors, of that, there is no doubt. For instance, I saw the play, *Vile Bodies*, last week. In it Athole Stewart, in what one might call a Fred Kerr part, gives a performance which, in its particular vein, I have never seen bettered. Sensitive, amusing, pathetic, it is a gem of characterisation, and it makes one wonder why an actor of this calibre is not used more in our home-made films. Athole has done a certain amount of film work, but not a great deal. His last appearance, I believe, was with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best in *The Faithful Heart*, which is to be shown at the New Gallery in the very near future.

"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER," shown privately to an invited audience this week, is a costly affair. But, to my mind, it is another example of a lot of money wasted on a play which, though a colossal success in the theatre, is just not a film story. In order to build it up into what they fondly imagined to be entertainment, its producers have introduced an elaborate cabaret scene which, apart from the fact that it has no real bearing on the story, seemed to me to be handled in a most unimaginative manner. And then, again, I thought that enough had been learnt about the production of sound films by now to make it perfectly obvious that one can't put one's two chief protagonists down in front of the camera with the world's largest dance band playing in the *immediate* background, and expect an audience to take any real interest in what they are talking about. First of all, the band is extremely distracting; and, secondly, no matter how much your actors shout, they can't be heard—at any rate, by me.

BUT I liked a great deal of the acting in this film. First and foremost it brings Henry Ainley to the talking screen for the first time, while Joan Barry has never looked more beautiful nor acted better. Harold Huth is effective in a rather unpleasant and unreal part, and I thought that Dorothy Dix had reason to congratulate herself

Our Own Film Stars

No. 1. GORDON HARKER

PROBABLY the finest character actor in British films to-day, his name spells "Box-Office" outside any theatre. Ask people if they have ever seen him give a bad performance? Famous now for his Cockney characterisations, of which he is a master, he would appear to be in danger of being allowed to play the same part too often. He is versatile enough to play anything he is given with the same skill with which we have seen him play Cockneys, so please, Mr. Producer, don't let him get stale. Tough as they make 'em on stage and screen, he is, in real life, the most mild-mannered of men. His hobbies are motoring and beer, and when he isn't hard at work in a studio, he will probably be found in the wilds of the country, accompanied by his faithful terrier, Jim, searching for old inns to stay at. On such occasions he will look more like a bishop on holiday than an actor.

Next Week—JOAN BARRY

on her screen début in the title rôle. And there was a performance by a Miss Millicent Woolf in the rôle of a maidservant which should merit the attention of every film producer on the look-out for talent. The photography seemed to be first-class, but the actual direction dull and uninspired.

THERE seems to be a distinct influx of foreign directors into this country—and first-class foreign directors at that—which is a good thing in many ways for the cause of British films, because, in the first place they are likely to make good pictures (and there can't be too many good ones from the home studios) and, secondly, they offer employment to a great number of British artists and technicians.

ALEXANDER KORDA, who recently made *Service For Ladies* over here, has started his own company and is to make several British films; Harry Lachman is making *Down Our Street* at the moment, and as soon as he has finished that is to get down to a screen version of *Insult*; Thiele, best known over here for his brilliant *Chemin du Paradis*, is in active preparation for the production of a new subject to star Renate Müller (of *Sunshine Susie* fame); Carmine Gallone, one of the best-known of continental directors, is to produce a big musical-comedy film; Paul Stein, ranked very high among Hollywood's best (he recently made *Lily Cristine* here) is to come back soon, and now I hear that Frank Tuttle, one of the most workmanlike of the directors on the Paramount lot, is to come over within the next few weeks to make Galsworthy's *The Apple Tree* on his own account. All of which, as I say, is very much to the good of British films.

Harsh Words

Miles Mander and Corinne Griffith in a tense scene from "Lily Christine," the new talkie at the Plaza. Both the Prince of Wales and Prince George attended the special gala performance given on April 28.

Loving Words

Herbert Marshall as the brave sailor and Edna Best as the fair barmaid in a scene from the Gainsborough picture, "The Faithful Heart," based upon the Monckton Hoffe play of the same name. Here is a British talkie of exceptional worth and excellently acted

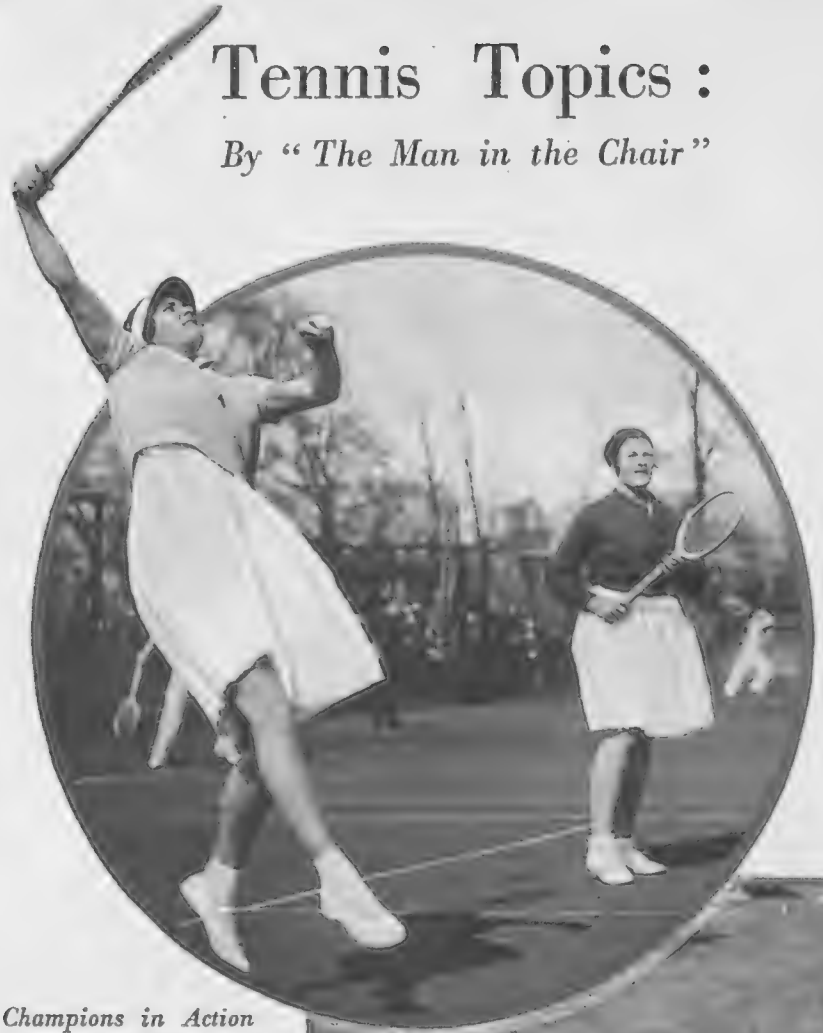
THERE are not many new pictures of note in the West End. Buster Keaton is once again at the Empire, still as funny as ever, though Jimmy Durante almost steals the picture from him, while Mr. Colman remains at the Tivoli, and Mr. Buchanan continues to fill the Capitol. The Arliss picture at the Regal and the Pavilion has received such ecstatic praise from the daily press that all one can do is to endorse all they have said and then some. Here is a really great artist in a picture that very nearly measures up to his greatness. And, like so many of the good things Hollywood has got, he is British.

WHEN one comes to think of it, Great Britain does seem to be one of the pillars upon which the whole structure of the American film business is founded. After all, Arliss, Clive Brook, Colman, McLaglen, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Elissa Landi, Maureen O'Sullivan (Irish, of course), Fred Kerr, Boris Karloff (his real name is Pratt), and a few others, are a fairly representative lot among the actors, while Edmund Goulding, Herbert Brenon and James Whale are among their star directors. Yes indeed, Great Britain has the talent, right enough.

Tennis Topics :

Players of Promise—and Performance

By "The Man in the Chair"



Champions in Action

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall (left) and Miss Betty Nuthall, Doubles Champions of France and America, who combine force with finesse

THE form displayed by lawn-tennis players on grass and on hard courts often varies considerably. There are some who do best upon turf; others seem to prefer a rubble surface. As ties in the Davis Cup nowadays may be played on grass one week and on a hard court very shortly afterwards, or vice-versa, we are lucky in finding most of our best players happy on both forms of surface.

Taking It Easy

F. X. Shields and Mrs. Shields relaxing at the Pinehurst Tournament, N.C. Shields beat Austin and Borotra at Wimbledon last year before reaching the final, when, owing to injury, he gave S. B. Wood a walk-over. One of America's best players, it is hoped that the U.S.A. authorities will allow him to play in the Championships, and not reserve him for the Davis Cup, as has been rumoured

TRIALS or no trials, there can be no doubt that our numbers one and two are H. W. Austin, and F. J. Perry. The latter has lately been beaten by John Olliff in a county match, yet, good player as Olliff is, it would be absurd to suggest that he is the better of the two. The only reason for Austin and Perry not walking into the Davis Cup team would be on the ground of ill-health, and I hope that Austin, who has lately had two operations on his nose, may be fit and well in time for the fray, for we could ill spare him—in the later rounds, at any rate.

ALTHOUGH it may keep him out of the game for a time it is just as well that Austin had his nose attended to. Unless one can breathe as nature intended, not only are there "bellows to mend," but a strain on the heart is imposed, which does no good to anybody, least of all to an athlete compelled to play a fifth set in a strenuous match. It may well be that Austin's exhaustion, which was noticeable in times past, may be traced to this cause. Fit and well, I believe Austin to be our best player, though between him and Perry there is no great gulf fixed.

IT is pleasant to think that we have also some good reserves. In addition to Olliff, who is capable of beating almost anybody if the spirit moves him—I wish it always did!—we have in H. G. N. Lee a much improved player. He had not much opportunity to indulge in serious tennis last year, but he has evidently been practising in the winter, and is playing better now than he ever did. His forehand punch possesses both speed and direction, and those passing shots of his from the back of the court would, I believe, be very useful against, say, a volley-at-all-costs American. Lee is a player of great possibilities, and if only he were as good at the net as he is away from it, our two front-rankers would have to look to their laurels.

H. F. DAVID is another player full of possibilities, and not only for the reason that he possesses the fighting instinct. When up at Oxford a few years ago I believe he only once represented his University against the hated rivals, and then only in singles. I would suggest that since then he has come on by leaps and bounds but for the fact that he neither leaps nor bounds, his footwork being good and his style founded, like Austin's, on classic models—and none the worse for that. David's progress has been so rapid that his name does not appear in Bijou Biographies, which are included in Ayres' Lawn-Tennis Almanack!

THIS invaluable handbook for 1932 has just been published (5s. net), and, as in the last twenty-five years, is edited by A. Wallis Myers, who has seen more tennis played in more countries than anyone alive or dead. All who are keen on the game will be interested in his article, "Glancing Back," while a contribution by Charles P. Dixon called "Kings of the Court" will appeal greatly to old stagers who remember the great players of the past. It is interesting to note that of the late H. L. Doherty he says that as an all-court player "it is doubtful whether he has ever been surpassed." It has often been asked if the Dohertys were as good players as those of to-day, and old stagers who are able to compare past with present will affirm with conviction, and sometimes heat, that H. L. and R. F. Doherty, would have adapted themselves to modern conditions and have held their own with anyone. There is also a mass of statistical information included in the six hundred pages, besides reading matter which must interest anyone who is at all keen on the game.

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

A Famous Dancer Dressed by A Famous Couturière . . .

MADEMOISELLE ALICE NIKITINA, the famous Russian prima ballerina, will create two entirely new ballets at the Opéra Comique in Paris this month: variations of Beethoven and Les Jaloux Comiques of Casells. She will also dance Les Biches of Georges Auric, the ballet in which she had one of her greatest successes under Diaghileff. Mademoiselle Nikitina is known to the London public as the star of Cochran's Revue during the last few seasons, but she is also famed for her chic, and her clothes are almost as much discussed as her exquisite dancing. Here she is seen in a black afternoon dress by Chanel, which has a shoulder cape and white piqué collar and cuffs. Mademoiselle Chanel intends to open an exhibition on May 5th, at 39, Grosvenor Square, where will be shown over a hundred models designed by herself and executed entirely in British materials. This exhibition will last a fortnight. Admission on the first three days will be by invitation only, but subsequently the public will be admitted on payment of a small entrance fee, of which the proceeds will be devoted to a charity connected with the textile industry

Sports Clothes for All Weathers

A WATERPROOF coat is an essential item in every woman's wardrobe, and that it can be one of the smartest is proved by the Milwata coat sketched below. This is carried out in beige, with scarlet revers and cuffs, and has a jaunty tie of red and white spotted material which is also rainproof

THIS Countyx coat from Margaret Marks is an ideal companion for many occasions during the summer months. It is extremely well cut and is made in a special heavy-weight flannel which may be obtained in navy, grey or beige. The parti-coloured hat and scarf also come from Margaret Marks

FOR warm days nothing could be prettier than a gown of flowered voile in pale pastel colours. The one below comes from Liberty, and has a white belt and a long black tie. The collar and the negligible sleeves are edged with narrow pleated frills

A MAN-TAILORED blazer of brightly coloured cloth is both a decorative and practical addition to the summer sports trousseau, and this very inexpensive model from Gooch can be obtained in several good colours. It is fastened with many brass buttons

THE sun-bather enthusiast will welcome this frock from Gooch, which is made of heavy crêpe-de-Chine; the split back is merely fastened with a button and can be left open. With it is worn a scarf of contrasting colours

New Ways with Woollens

Some contrasts in Colour and Weave

Horst, Paris

ABOVE is shown an unusual pull-over from Hermès. This consists of a dark woollen blouse which is close-fitting and rather short-waisted, and a beige yoke and sleeves knitted in an open-work stitch adorned with white and brown spots. On the left is a charming photograph of Corinne Griffith wearing a definitely Scotch woollen béret and one of the plaited three-colour scarves which are so popular

Dorothy Wilding

EVERY sports woman knows that there is nothing to equal a felt hat from Scott's for really hard wear and for all sporting occasions. These hats, which may be obtained in various shades, are of absolutely uncrushable felt and will never show any marks of rain, nor, indeed, of wear, for they are almost everlasting and keep their shape in a most remarkable manner. The riding suit of check freize is from Harry Hall. Posed by Miss Dorothy Black

Lenare

ONE of the surprises of this, the summer season, is the success of woollen materials. These are not only worn for morning and afternoon costumes, but have even invaded the realm of evening fashion, and several of the most popular evening gowns of the moment are made of woollen fabrics. But apart from this rather extreme use of wool, its continued popularity for day wear, and above all the vogue of the jumper, is one for which we will probably be thankful even during the dog days of summer! The jumper, usually hand-knitted, is to be found in a thousand variations, and many of the new colour-schemes of which it forms an integral part are extremely interesting. Blue tweed trimmed with black braid, and accompanied by a Persian blue jumper and a scarf of navy, Persian blue, and white, was one smart ensemble seen recently at a race meeting, while another consisted of a coral-coloured tweed coat worn over a skirt and jumper in two shades of grey wool. Another unusual colour combination which is being worn at the moment is grey and brown, and one of Schiaparelli's most successful coats is made of grey wool with a waistcoat of dark brown. Brown, black, and white is also very smart. Worth is using a good deal of navy blue, white, and deep red, which continues to be popular, and pink and brown is good, provided that both colours approximate to mushroom shades. Deep blue is very smart, but is used more for evening than for day wear. Knitted bonnets continue to be worn, and are to be found in new kinds of straw or cotton, both of which ape the appearance of wool, and are often topped with pompoms or rather arbitrarily designed flowers. Some of these caps favour the lines of the béret, while others ape the American sailor's hat, but all have the advantage of being uncrushable and extremely comfortable. Scarves are often of three colours, like that worn by Corinne Griffith on this page, or they are knitted in a loose stitch in matching or contrasting colours, while a novelty is the crinkled ribbon scarf seen on a number of Schiaparelli's summer models.

Bystander Backgrounds No. 2

The Lady Veronica Hornby

LADY VERONICA HORNBY'S oblong dining-room has apple-green walls and a pale buff-coloured ceiling. The curtains are striped in yellow, white, and green, with looped pelmets and gold fringe and tassels. A striking effect is obtained by the use of mirrors; on one side of the room is a long oval mirror divided into segments by gold beading, and the mirror door is exactly like it. On the opposite wall are two oval niches lined with similar mirrors reaching half-way down to painted wooden table-brackets supported by gilded eagles. Over the side table hangs a round mirror with a gold frame, and a somewhat similar mirror hangs over the cream-coloured marble chimney-piece. The dinner table is of polished wood, but the sideboard and the seven small chairs are of dark painted wood with a gold design, and the latter have seats of apple-green satin

Lady Veronica Hornby

TWELVE DOZEN CARNATIONS

By Ethel Mannin

Illustrated by LUNT ROBERTS

THIS is rather a mad story. But then, Dickie Hanslip is rather a mad young man. That, he would assure you, is one of his chief charms. Dickie doesn't "do" anything; he is what he himself defines as one of the idle poor. He is decorative; he is gay; he has an immense zest for enjoying life; and he has an unearned income of three pounds a week. These are his sole assets. In his life nothing is permanent save his overdraft. Call him worthless if you like; but, I don't know . . . it's debatable, surely, whether the people who brighten this grey old world by their decorative persons and their perpetual gaiety are altogether without worth. . . . And Dickie is generous, and kind, and has no malice in him—which is more than can be said for a lot of modern young men.

There was a Spring day not long ago when Dickie suddenly decided that he'd had enough of London town. He said within himself: "I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely pier and the prom, and all I ask is a quiet pub my friends to save me from." So in his simple way Dickie went to Victoria Station and asked the man in the booking-office for a nice third-class single, and the man in the booking-office said gruffly, "What do you want?" At which Dickie smiled, and asked sweetly, "What have you got? What are those nice pink tickets there? I'd like one of those." So the man gave him a third-class single to Folkestone, and Dickie paid him in sixpences, three-penny bits, and ha'pennies, just for fun, then went away to find a train.

All the way down in the train, squeezed between a bookmaker and a fat lady, Dickie kept telling himself what a fine thing it would be to breathe in the clean sea air again, and tramp the great open spaces and go to bed early and read good books and lead the simple life. But there is something a little discouraging about an English seaside resort when the bandstand is shut up and there's a bleak March wind blowing, and after shivering along the deserted promenade Dickie began to feel rather less enthusiastic about fresh air and the great open spaces. It was then that the eternal English problem of where to go confronted him. For where can one go on a bleak English afternoon before the bars are open? England offers nothing but a cup of tea.

BROODING on the Folkestone front, Dickie saw a glorious and splendid sight. It was a glorious and splendid sight because it gave him an Idea. He saw the Boulogne-Folkestone boat making for harbour, and he said to himself, in his poetic way, "The farther off from England the nearer is to France. And there's a boat at five o'clock of this very afternoon." What was there to stop Dickie getting on that boat and going over to France? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

He rushed back to the hotel where he had booked a room and grabbed his suit-case and said he wouldn't be stopping after all; he had to go right back home; his aunt's pet canary was down with measles. The management weren't very nice about it; they didn't seem to care about his aunt's pet canary. They said he would have to pay for the room just the same; but Dickie said, "Don't be silly," and swept out—with more speed than dignity. Dickie is the sort of young man who always carries his passport with him, "because you never know," and in that moment of flight from the hotel he could think of nothing more horrible than *not* having one's passport permanently on one's person.

So Dickie found the boat in harbour and got on to it, and the purser smiled and said, "Nice to see you again, Mr. Hanslip," and the barman said he'd missed him, and everything was ever so nice and friendly and Dickie felt a lot better. Now, when he had the great idea on the Folkestone front he had thought only of eating a good French meal on French soil, sitting at a café once again, and speaking French; he had had no intention of going further afield than Boulogne. But what would you? At Boulogne, when he got off the boat, there was the Paris train standing waiting. It was asking too much of human nature to resist such temptation. Of Dickie's nature, anyhow. Almost before he realised what he was doing, he found himself aboard the Paris train. You know the excitement of going aboard the Paris train? It doesn't matter how often one's done it before—there's the old, irresistible excitement. And the smell of Paris that rushes up to meet you at the Gare du Nord—that smell of coffee and garlic and sewage and French cigarettes that is forever Paris. That and the gleam of red lines of light above the cafés . . . Dickie took a deep breath and gave thanks to whatever powers may be that he had seen the Folkestone packet making for harbour . . . already it seemed a life-time ago that he had stood shivering and disconsolate on the Folkestone front. . . . He drove straight to the Dome and found "everyone" there—just as he had last seen them—just as though they had never moved since then . . . which is always how it is when one returns to Paris.

"What are you doing back here?" they all asked him. And he smiled and said, "I yearned for fresh atmosphere and the great enclosed spaces of Paris," and he thought, "Bother fresh air and the great open spaces. C'est la vie. Me voici," and a lot more, mixing his genders out of sheer exhilaration of spirit.

He felt gay; he acted gay; he went to bed with the dawn. And woke up without any money at all. The exchange being what it is, the little he had had never amounted to much. But the rate of exchange was the last thing he had thought of when he had gone aboard the boat at Folkestone. . . .

Now, being without money is a bore at the best of times, but in Paris it is all of a sickening nuisance. Dickie had "masses" of friends in Paris, but they, none of them, had any money. In fact, the moment they set eyes on him they themselves took heart of hope. . . . which is one of the reasons why Dickie was cleaned out. Dickie, as I have said, being nothing if not a generous soul.

He wired to his bank, and to one or two people in London town, then went and sat in the Ritz bar hoping for the best. Several people he knew came in, but they all had luncheon appointments, and none of them seemed to have any money. Returning to his hotel in the Boulevard Raspail, he found a wire from his bank callously stating that they could not allow a further overdraft. So there was Dickie in Paris at the time of rising sap and swelling buds and no money at all, which, of course, was all wrong.

Dickie managed to borrow fifty francs and wired to the bank not to be silly, and that it ought to be ashamed; then he wired to his father to speak strongly to the bank and threaten to have his son's overdraft removed to another bank. With the two francs change from the wires, Dickie then bought himself a cup of coffee and once more sat down to wait and hope. He was just considering selling his fair young body to an art school as a model, when he met a man who had been to his school. "In the name of the public schools of this dear England we have loved so much," said Dickie, remembering his Shakespeare and his Coward, "stand and deliver a hundred francs. Your money or my life. And I am too young to die."

In the name of Eton and Borstal the friend produced a hundred-franc note, and Dickie spat on it for luck, and went back to his hotel to find that everybody he had wired to for money had sent

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

it—including the bank, his father having brought pressure to bear for the honour of his son's overdraft. Remarking philosophically to himself that it never rains but it pours, Dickie stuffed his wallet with thousands of francs and went out into the Paris night.

He went along to La Cuopole, in the Boulevard Montparnasse, because he liked the American Bar there and felt sure of meeting people he knew. Being a little early the bar was not yet in full swing. He perched up on a high stool and ordered a champagne cocktail, and looked around. Sitting by herself he saw a girl with red hair, a white face, and unhappy eyes. Dickie smiled at her encouragingly, but she half-closed her eyes, and looked away. Dickie had another champagne cocktail, then climbed down from his stool and went over to her.

He said, in his atrocious, fantastic French, "Voulez-vous faites whoopee avec moi ce soir, Mademoiselle?"

She stared at him coldly for a moment, as though she thought him mad or drunk—and perhaps he was a little of each—and she saw his charming smile, and his frank blue eyes, and his irresistibly attractive boyish fair hair, and suddenly she smiled.

"Don't be silly," she said.

He sat down beside her and said earnestly, "I 'm not silly—merely gay. Unless it 's silly to be gay. I 'm like the girl in the film—" and he sang for her benefit—

"To-day I feel so happy, so happy, so happy,
I don't know why I 'm happy, I just know that I am."

The girl's bright red lips parted in a bitter little smile.

"You 're lucky," she said.

"I know. And I 'm asking you to share some of my luck with me—I can't bear to keep it to myself. I can't bear anyone to look as sad as you—unless they enjoy looking sad."

"I 'm fed-up," said the girl.

"A man?" said Dickie. She nodded.

"Love?" said Dickie.

She nodded again.

He pressed her hand. "A champagne cocktail?"

She succumbed.

Over her second cocktail she told him that she was English, that she was working in Paris in the Paris branch of an English firm, that her name was Chloe, that she had quarrelled with her young man, that she was supposed to have dined with him that night, but that he hadn't turned up—she supposed he was still angry from their quarrel at lunch time. She said that she hated him and never wanted to see him again.

"Too bad," Dickie murmured, and pressed her hand again. She was really a very pretty girl, he thought. He had always adored red-haired girls with pale skins and great sad eyes . . . grey-green like the colour of the English Channel on a grey day. And when he thought of that he found it harder than ever to realise that he had gone to Victoria Station only that morning and asked for one of those nice pink tickets without in the least knowing they were Folkestone tickets; incredible that only a few hours ago he had been in Folkestone. . . .

THEY had a magnificent dinner in a very select and expensive little restaurant near the Gare Montparnasse—they had all that was most rare and costly and exotic on the menu, and the finest champagne in a fine cellar. After that they went to see the Guitrys. And after that they went to Dinah's, and then to dance at Le Train Bleu. And by that time they felt very mad indeed, and didn't walk on the earth any more, but somewhere up amongst the dancing stars.

"We can't go back to the drab realities of our cheap and sordid hotels," Dickie chanted. "Let us take a magnificent suite in a magnificent hotel up in the Champs-Élysées, and let us fill it with flowers and wake in a dream of heaven."

Chloe's eyes filled with tears. "Oh," she said, "and I thought you were so nice," and began to cry, the facile tears of champagne and tiredness.

Once again Dickie pressed her hand. "Oh, I didn't mean *that* sort of staying together," he said; "but only for gaiety's sweet sake."

Whereupon Chloe hugged him and said she was sorry, and they leapt into a taxi and drove to the Paris Covent Garden, where the consignments from the country were beginning to arrive in the grey dawn. They looked at roses and carnations and out-of-season white lilac and masses of Spring flowers and crates of violets, and Chloe finally decided that a dozen variegated carnations would be as good as anything.

At which Dickie roared with laughter. "A dozen?" he said, "Don't be ridiculous! *Twelve* dozen!"

So they bought twelve dozen carnations of every colour, and bundled them into the taxi, and climbed in amongst them, and drove out to the shining great golden way of the Champs-Élysées. They chose the Excelsior because it was the biggest hotel, and they chose the most expensive suite, and they had dozens of flower-vases brought up to their rooms, and it was bright daylight by the time they had finished arranging their flowers, and with one hundred and forty-four carnations arranged in vases their rooms looked like the dressing-room of a prima donna on a first-night.

Chloe kissed Dickie's forehead, and Dickie kissed Chloe's hands, and each retired to their separate floral retreat. Chloe slept like the dead—but Dickie lay awake . . . for, since they had no luggage, they had had to pay for their rooms in advance, and now that the excitement of arrival, and of arranging the carnations

(*Continued on Page* ii)

"He stood still under the trees and stared . . . and stared. And as he stared, she looked up . . . and she, too, stood still and stared."

"Vile Bodies" at the Vaudeville

Some of the many characters in H. Dennis Bradley's stage adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's novel of that name

Money Talks at the Breakfast Table

Colonel Blount (Athole Stewart) gives Adam Fenwick-Symes (Robert Douglas) the bad apple, and his daughter, Nina (Eileen Peel), carries on the good work by pointing out to the young man in question that it is more than doubtful whether she will be able to cash a cheque which is signed "Charlie Chaplin"

Diversities in Peace and War

On the left is seen Miles Malpractice (Esmé Percy) looking sick, sad and sorry as a cross-Channel passenger regretting that his is an island race. In the upper right-hand corner crooked Chastity (Nadine March) carries on at the seat of war with the bibulous Major (Aubrey Dexter), beneath whom are seen that engaging couple Lottie Crump (Ruth Maitland) and Capt. Eddie Littlejohn (P. Kynaston Reeves) having a few words

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR

MAY, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive.

1st MAY DAY

2nd **Show.** Royal Academy opens.
Polo. Season opens. Fortnightly Cup (Ranelagh).
Tennis. Amateur Champ. Final (Queen's Club).
Racing. United Hunts, Pershore and Market Rasen Steeplechases.
Cricket. All India v. The Army (Aldershot).

3rd **Racing.** Chester Meeting. Pershore, United Border Hunt and Louth Hunt Steeplechases.

4th **Show.** Royal Dublin Soc. Spring Agricultural Show.
Racing. Chester and Powerstown Park Meetings. Folkestone and United Border Hunt (Kelso) Stplchses.
Tennis. Open Tournament, Harrogate.
Cricket. All India v. Sussex (Brighton).

5th **Racing.** Chester and Powerstown Park Meetings. Folkestone Steeplechases.
Show. Dog Show (Bath).

6th **Racing.** Kempton Park, Ripon and Down Royal (Maze) Meetings. Wenlock Steeplechases.

7th **Polo.** Whitney Cup begins (Roehampton).
Racing. Kempton Park, Ripon and Down Royal (Maze) Meetings. Stratford-on-Avon and Sedgefield Steeplechases.
Motoring. Kent and Sussex Speed Trials (Lewes). Middlesex County A.C. Speed Judging Competition.
Athletics. Road Walking Association — 20 mile National Championship (Birmingham). Tipton Harriers Sports (Tipton).

9th **Polo.** Colts' Cup (Ranelagh).
Racing. Uttoxeter and Wye Steeplechases.
Golf. Dunlop Professional Tournament, Southport.

10th **Shows.** Terrier and Ladies' Kennel Club (Olympia).
Racing. Newmarket Meeting. Uttoxeter Steeplechases.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The New Plays: Bonaparte and Beauty Culture

"Napoleon," The Hundred Days, at the New: "Faces," at the Comedy

"Faces"

THE loquacious hairdresser is as good a friend to the comic artist as the plumber without his tools. Gentlemen, it seems, prefer silence in the barber's chair. Women, I had supposed, were rather less taciturn in the throes of a face-massage or a permanent wave. Indeed, from the photographs of white-robed victims in a steel helmet and the incipient stages of electrocution, light badinage about the latest Garbo or the new hats would appear to be a physical impossibility. It comes as a shock to learn that the cubicles of a beauty parlour are confessional boxes, where the attendants do the listening, while the customer unburdens her innermost secrets with a frankness calculated to bring a rose-du-Barry blush to a pot of cold cream. Knowing nothing of these establishments, the evidence of Messrs. Patrick Ludlow and Walter Sondes, the authors of *Faces*, must be believed. If a hot towel on the nape of the neck can unthaw the reticent male (how churlish one feels, then, for shutting up like an oyster at the first overtures about the weather), what must not massage and manicure do to a woman?

The glittering equipment supplied by a well-known Beauty Specialist in Dover Street, under whose expert tuition Audrey Cameron, Sara Sample, and Mollie Shannon conduct their ministrations so professionally, lends an air of truth to the picture. While Jane Baxter and Cecily Byrne in one box are trying to give the audience a strong hint that the former's gentleman friend (Cecil Parker) and the latter's husband are one and the same, Mabel Terry Lewis in another compartment is bewailing the lot of a mistress at the end of her reign. While from a third, Kate Cutler, as that garrulous harridan, Lady Wallingford, pauses in the recital of her girlish amours only when a mud-mask is clapped over her mouth or when the authors feel that it is someone else's turn to reveal a secret sorrow or unleash a hard-boiled epigram.

This alternating method of dialogue—and duologue—does not help. The first act is mainly exclamatory, and the talk is the oddest mixture, as if half-a-dozen authors, not two, had cut in by turns. If ex-Queens of Drury Lane and unhappy wives ever talked like this, even under the influence of neck lotion, I will cheerfully have my face lifted to-morrow. Add to this blend of professional epigram amateur naïvety, and shock-making smartness, the broken English of Alphonse (George de Warfaz) and the Cockney wisecracks of Florence (Audrey Cameron) and the pastiche is complete. There are some amusing lines, and the setting is novel and effective.

The second act explains why a girl like Madeleine prefers a meal of Oxford Manna at Romanos to high tea and pat-ball, followed by a cinema at six, with her suburban family in Streatham. Madeleine has touched the high spots with a rich lover and the prospect of a humdrum future in the lower strata with a shy young man (Harold French) is too much for her High School refinement. The décor of the family parlour (has anyone noted the dangers of wall-paper as an undermining force in family life?) and the mischief-making tongue of her brother's intended (brightly played by Margery Binner) speed the revolt. Madeleine plumps for a flat with her philanderer, whose redeeming feature is a sense of humour, what time a divorce is solemnly prepared. This act is planted on safe suburban ground, with George Elton and Buena Buent faithfully reproducing those accepted and acceptable types of parenthood whose horizon is bounded by lace curtains, high tea, black on Sundays, and intensive horticulture in the back garden.

Act III. is back in the Beauty Shop, where deceiving husband and discarded wife miss each other by a matter of minutes and all parties to the triangle learn how they stand. Follows a duel in which the Baxter gambit is no match for the Byrne defence. The elder actress tunes down her key to the lowest permissible pitch, but even so, has nothing to beat. Miss Baxter stamps a trim foot and shakes a bobbed head with the brightest of the ingenués. Experience will teach her that sentences must not be slurred and that acting is more than simple faith and girlish recitation. Harold French is charm and modesty personified as the shy young man from Streatham who returns, at the eleventh hour, to lead the erring shepherdess back to the fold.

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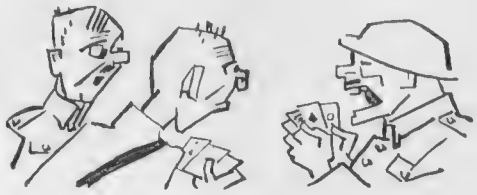
***THE STAFF OF THE HAYMARKET THEATRE** for unfailing courtesy*



"Napoleon"

The Hundred Days

AT twenty minutes past eleven, George Sheringham's central curtain, a convenient arrangement for screening three-quarters of the stage, slid cross-ways to reveal the exiled Emperor immobile on a rocky eminence, gazing at grief and a blood-red sunset. Ridded of those extra twenty minutes and with them a round dozen of minor characters, this worthy and elaborate attempt to dramatise the Hundred Days, that hectic interlude between the escape from Elba and the ewigheit of St. Helena, might have achieved a happier union between great events and good theatre. But the Italian authors, Benito Mussolini and Giovacchino Forzano, have made chronology their main plank and not indulged in flights of imaginative portraiture. If Mr. John Drinkwater, who has adapted the play, would turn the Hundred Days into background and give Napoleon the monopoly of the limelight—a far more theatrical procedure—he must write a play of his own. Here, the hour, not the man, is master, and the finger of fate, followed by the spot lime, passes over the lion and points to the fox. Fouché, that arch-plotter, with all the winning cards up his sleeve, has almost as much right to the play's title as the Little Corporal.

The canvas is crowded with detail and supernumeraries (the cast is colossal) and the tempo declines haste. The talk and the rhetoric roll on, but much of it is blank cartridge. The Emperor emerges without fresh glamour or the illuminating revelations of the psychological microscope. The fault, it seems, would lie with the Duce and his collaborator—one can be a great Dictator and count it no disgrace to lack the vital spark of a great dramatist.

Robert Atkins, the producer, took up the name part at short notice, and in such circumstances the small voice of criticism is still. The actor looks the Emperor to the life and plays him on solid and straightforward lines. He must have sighed for one "big scene," and for those moments of romance, perhaps, which the loyal and lovely Countess Walewska (Maisie Darrell, in too small a part for her deserts) was at hand to provide. Haidée Wright's miniature of a mother's tight-lipped and tender care is finely drawn and Arthur Wontner is tremendously sly and sinister as Fouché. The Sheringham costumes and Molly McArthur's settings are worthy adornments to a highly ambitious and painstaking adventure. Good luck to it.

TRINCULO.

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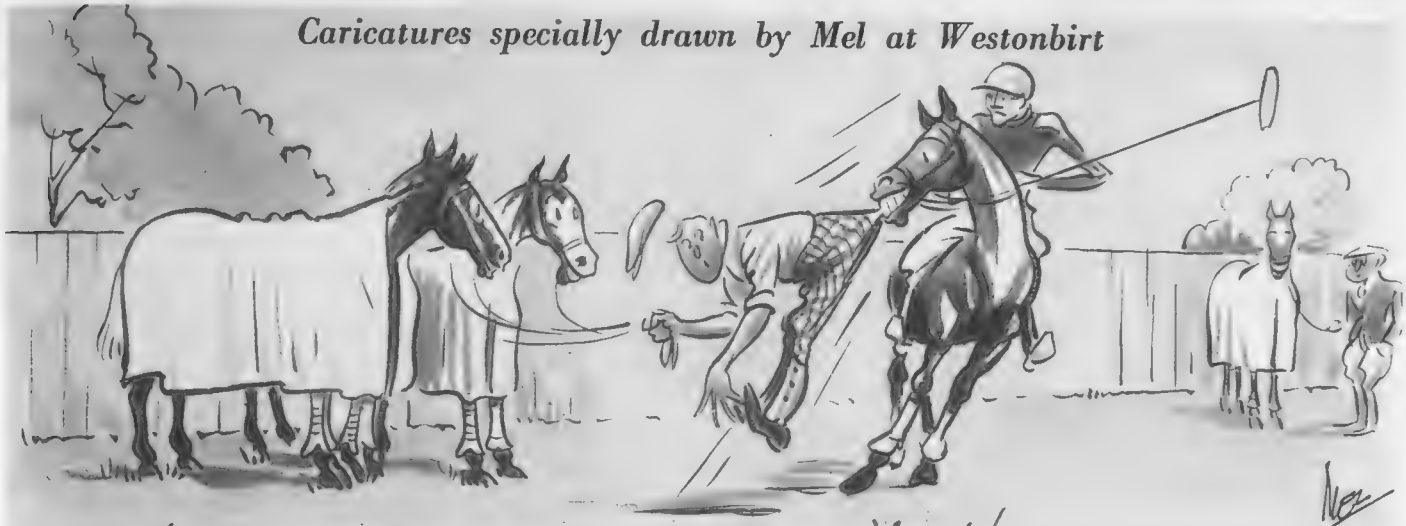
Polo Prospects: The Coming London Season

By "Number One"

Caricatures specially drawn by Mel at Westonbirt



THIS season's polo prospects are better than were expected. At the close of last season and during the early winter, a number of the "regulars" seemed doubtful about being able to play this year, but I am glad to say that most of them are turning out—in fact, with the exception of a few of the low handicap players, practically all those who normally play in London will be there. It is also understood that a few new ones will be seen, which is all to the good.

The teams are not yet made up, but for the open tournaments there will be at least five good teams whose handicaps will be fairly high. Amongst them will be Osmaston (Ian Walker, Roark, Prior Palmer, and Harrison); Sommeries House (Wernher, D. Miller, Walford, and Cook); and Los Piratos (Portago, Magor, Villabragima, and Tyrell Martin). It is possible that J. A. E. Traill may play with Madlener and make up a really good combination. Lockett, J. C. Campbell, and Dudley Norton will all be playing in London, so from the above it will be seen that the open tournaments will be well up to the average, and the sides will be particularly evenly matched, which is far better for everyone concerned than to have one or two teams which stand out by themselves.

The grounds have had a good winter, and even to-day are comparatively dry. It is rarely that polo really begins in London until the end of the second week in May, and I think this season will be no exception to the rule.

Polo has been in progress for some time in the country, and the Beaufort Club are in the middle of their Spring Tournament. This club wishes to begin the season later and to let it continue longer, but such an innovation is not regarded with great favour by London managers, as it would necessarily mean that the London season would have to postpone its opening, or else do without some of the well-known players who would be down at the Beaufort Club, which would be a pity.

This may be a pointer as to the way things will go in the future. Although there is no need to be pessimistic, it is a sad fact that money is scarcer than it has ever been, and it is not likely to become more plentiful in the near future. This means that players will tend more and more to make their headquarters in the country, only migrating to London for a few weeks' polo. The London season now lasts only from the second week in May to the middle of July, and in the future this period may be shorter still.

In the spring, in the country, there are many grounds fit to play on a month or six weeks earlier than they would be ready in London, and they can also be played on later in the year. This is partly owing to the fact that the London grounds dry slowly after wet weather, whereas the country grounds, being of lighter soil, are playable almost immediately after rain. There are a number of London players who never get the chance of playing in anything but members' games, owing to the congestion of the London polo grounds, and by the

(Continued on page 241)

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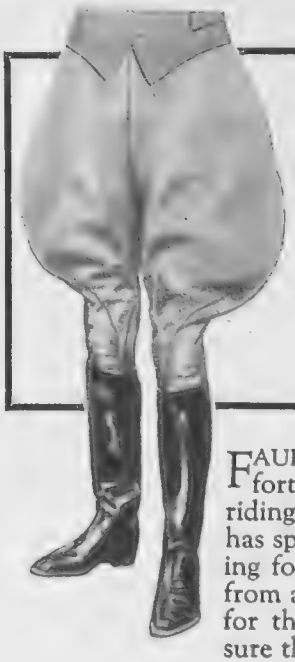

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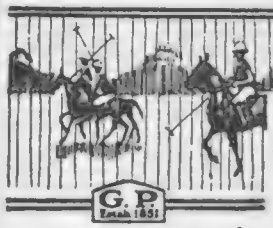

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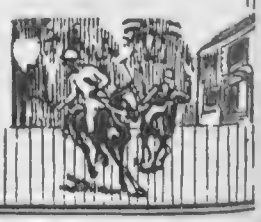

POLO PROSPECTS (continued from page 239)

time they are able to play, the ground is badly cut up and it is very often half-past five. To them, the further opening up of country polo would be a very real advantage.

THESE changes would not be all to the disadvantage of London spectators, as in this case most players and ponies would arrive in London in full practice, which would obviously add to the interest. Mention of spectators brings me to the question as to why the public does not take more interest in polo. For years the Hurlingham Club has been open to the public for the small charge of 2s. 6d. and 5s., and it is admitted on all the important occasions. With the possible exception of Whit-Monday, the public has never appeared in any great numbers, and it may be that the game is not sufficiently understood. This is difficult to understand, as it is so similar to football that one would imagine that everybody could follow it, with the exception of the change of "ends" after each goal. Why is it that polo is the only game where the end is changed after each goal is scored, whereas in all other games the period played in each direction is divided into two halves?

Two popular personalities in the Polo Field preparing for the coming season as visualised by Mel

It might be advisable for the Rules Committee to consider this question, as anything that can be done to encourage the public to take an interest should be done, and, in addition, it would be bringing up to date a rule that requires alteration.

It is good news that polo managers have realised that players, on account of expense, will have difficulty in keeping as many ponies as usual, and they have reduced the number of chukkas to be played in the open tournaments from seven to six. This must mean to many the saving of keeping an extra pony, or, perhaps even more important, prevent the necessity of buying an extra pony at the last moment. That extra chukka in an open tournament means the purchase of an extra pony.

The price of ponies has fallen in a similar ratio to everything else, and this will encourage many players to carry on who otherwise might have been impelled to give up. At the beginning of last season's hunting we heard on all sides that many people would give up hunting, but in actual fact the numbers hunting throughout the country were much the same as formerly, and they had better sport with most packs than for many seasons. It is believed that this year's polo season may turn out as well. The players are about, and the ponies and the grounds in London leave nothing to be desired.

THE future of London polo is often discussed, and some pessimists hold gloomy views. Polo will always thrive in London, although it is possible that there will be a smaller number playing. This will not be to the disadvantage of polo, as the tendency is more and more for players to emigrate to the country and for only the better players to come to London. Probably more polo will be played at the principal country clubs, and only the highest handicap players come to London for a short season. Thus the number of tournaments will probably be maintained, which, of course, include those for low handicap players, but few players other than those entered for the various tournaments will play in London.

It is good news that in India polo is going strong, in spite of the fact that there has been such a falling off of polo in the Native States, but it is a pity that so few players will be seen in London from India. In the past a great attraction in London polo has been the team from overseas. The British cavalry regiments in India are improving, and it is hoped that in a year or two some of them will come back from India and prove to us that "the home of polo" has produced players good enough to go over to the States and bring back the Cup.

With the assistance of the Indian cavalry, who, since the war, have carried everything before them, we ought to see, in London next year or the year after, players of International standard, and it is to the young players we must look to retrieve our lost laurels.

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That Golfing Calendar

Are Competitions Overdone?

By

F. G. L. Fairlie

As I sit here at my desk, there are down at Sandwich a large number of players all intent upon earning the right to be called the English Amateur Champion at the end of this week. That there are so many who have aspirations for this honour is a matter which surprises me quite considerably. But the explanation, I suppose, is to be found in the fact that qualification to play in this Championship, which, for want of a better name, I might term local, is not nearly so severe as it is for those who aspire to play in the British Amateur Championship.

But the entry, although large, is strangely unrepresentative of first-class golfers. There are, it is perfectly true, many players who will play later on in the year, or who certainly are qualified to play, in the British Amateur Championship, but not nearly so many as one would expect to see in an event with so grandiose a title as the English Amateur Championship. Of the four members of the British Walker Cup side as at the moment selected, the entry includes only the name of L. G. Crawley, who is the holder of the title. There are absent from this competition the brothers Hartley and W. Stout, as well as the following Englishmen who must, amongst others, be exercising the minds of the selectors for the two vacant places in our national team—C. V. L. Hooman, J. H. Thompson (who entered, but found that he had to scratch), J. B. Beck, L. B. Sanderson, R. H. Wethered, Dr. Tweddell, and Eric Martin Smith. Presumably these players are all kept away from the competition by business or private reasons; and I think, particularly in these times, that another obvious reason for their absence is that they are unable to take more than one golfing holiday in the year and prefer to play in the British Amateur Championship. The result is to make the English Amateur Championship rather unrepresentative, but all the same, it can safely be said that whoever wins it will certainly have earned his crown.

An Ifield Interlude

Henry Cotton driving from the second tee when partnering S. J. Jones, the Ifield club professional, in an exhilarating exhibition match against Padgham and Lacey

The Household Brigade Foursomes

Mrs. Gilbey had just changed her jersey on the first tee at Roehampton, and was carefully screened by her partner and opponent before the camera could get there! Left is Colonel Baggallay, of the Irish Guards, and right, Major Darley Bridge, who is the uncrowned king of the 500 Club, that popular spot in Albemarle Street, which is going stronger than ever. Note his little white golf socks!

I am stressing this matter, however, not in any attempt to belittle the event, but to emphasise a point which I wish to make this week. The remarkable number of so-called first-class Competitions, which are clogging up the golfing calendar more securely with every year, deserve some word of disapproval. New competitions spring up like weeds in a field, as if there were not more than sufficient already. I think the older generation of golfers maintain quite rightly that they enjoyed their golf more than does the present-day member of the first-class confraternity. The seniors had but very few first-class Competitions, in which to play and they had the time in-between to meet each other in friendly combat over their favourite links. Nowadays, however, there are an incredible number of competitions to be decided, and although most of the first-class golfers of my acquaintance are anything but pot-hunters, yet it is not so easy to pick up a friendly game on a week-end between now and the end of July. The very number of these competitions, too, defeats their purpose, for it is not always possible for the player who may wish to compete in quite a few of them to find either the time or his expenses. I think it is for this reason very largely that the English Amateur Championship cannot be described as really representative of the amateur golfing ability of England. It seems to me that those who played golf forty years ago were a great deal happier with only the Amateur and Open Championships, the St. George's Cup at Sandwich, and their own various club matches and team matches.

One individual has communicated with me about my last week's article in time for me to deal with him in this. He tells me that as he reads my words of last week, he has come to the conclusion that I am definitely in favour of a golfer spending in practice a large proportion of the time which he can put aside for golf. He communicated with me by telephone, which was nice of him, because I was able to ring off abruptly and give myself time to think over the question which he raised.

Although I am the last to deny the value of practice and am in favour of it for those who are capable of practising, I do not think that my friend is quite right in his accusation. Briefly, what I think about the whole question is this: there has been a tendency on the part of amateur golfers to malign those who practise. They say that they are making a business out of a pastime and ruining what is, after all, a game. That, to my mind, is the statement of a fool. A man has his own individuality and does his work in his own way. To a great extent that individuality is also reflected in his games, and consequently he plays his games in his own way, too. If it gives him pleasure to practise, I can see no legitimate reason why he should not; in fact, I can see every reason why he should, for when it comes to the actual match he will play better and, naturally, enjoy it more. But in just the same way as I do not criticise a man for practising, I most certainly would never criticise a man for not practising—and for exactly the same reason.

Books of the Day

More Bülow Disclosures : South Seas Revelations

By "Junius"

FUTURE generations will probably regard *Prince von Bülow : Memoirs* (Putnam ; 25s.) as the safest guide to the causes in Germany which led to the Great War. As a former Chancellor of the Empire, and a close confidant of the ex-Kaiser until he was sacrificed over the famous *Daily Telegraph* interview, as a mask to his Sovereign's grave indiscretions, the Prince was at the very core of affairs. He left these memoirs to be published after his death.

The two previous volumes have caused a sensation by their outspokenness and their exposure of the network of intrigue and miscalculation which marked Germany's international policy. This volume—the third—is equally outspoken, equally sensational in its disclosures.

One of the stories shows the amazing blindness of the ex-Kaiser and his then advisers. When the War was threatened, Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, telegraphed that England would be willing to guarantee French neutrality if Germany would abstain from attacking France. Obviously, the Ambassador had made a mistake; but, without the least enquiry, the Kaiser accepted the telegram and ordered that the advance to the west should be held up and all the German forces directed against Russia. At the same time he telegraphed to King George accepting the proposal "with joy and gratitude." The Emperor was in bed when King George's reply arrived—the King was unable to understand the German proposals. Moltke was sent for instantly. The Kaiser received him in his vest and pants.

BITING portraits of the Kaiser are scattered throughout. He would sacrifice anybody or anything if his vanity were wounded. He told von Bülow that his two cousins, King George and the Tsar, had plotted the War at the marriage festivities of his daughter, Princess Victoria Louise. He had surprised them in a secret conference on the wedding eve. "He could see now that this had been the moment when the two were putting their final touches to a plot falling upon Germany."

Von Bülow pointed out that British policy was in the hands of Ministers and a Parliament, but the Emperor only glared. Queen Margherita of Italy made a remark to Princess von Bülow, which history is already endorsing. The Princess declared that "neither the German Emperor nor his people had wanted war in the least."

"Well, then, all I can say," answered the Queen, "is that the German Ministers and diplomats in power in the summer of 1914 were the biggest fools the world has ever known."

AS Lord Riddell says in his Foreword to *The A.B.C. of the B.B.C.* (Pearson ; 1s.), by Sir Harry Brittain, "This book is a timely reminder of the revolution wrought by broadcasting." We have accepted the wireless as a matter of the everyday, just as we have accepted all the other marvels wrought by electricity. But how many of us know how it is that we can sit by our own fireside and, by the mere turning of a wheel or touching a handle, bring the music of Vienna or Berlin, the broadcasting from London, Birmingham, and elsewhere, into our own rooms.

Mr. G. Saxon Mills

The very promising author, photographed on board his yacht. His first novel, "Interruption," is published by Heinemann

Sir Harry Brittain leaves us no excuse for such ignorance. He takes us from the very beginning of wireless, showing its gradual development. From his description of Broadcasting House, in Portland Place, we learn the part played by the science of acoustics in the construction of the studios. The twenty-two studios vary in size from an average sitting-room to a full-sized theatre. And each studio is sound-insulated from its neighbours. In each there must be complete silence, consequently there are special materials for hangings. Even electric lamp shades have to be fixed in certain positions, and "a cornice of a studio may ruin a Chopin nocturne when it is being played on a piano."

"WHITE MAN, BROWN WOMAN" (Hutchinson ; 15s.), by T. L. Richards with T. Stuart Gurr, tears the veil of romance which so many writers have cast over the South Sea Islands, but its obvious truthfulness, the simplicity of its narrative, prevent it from being sensational. It is a book of stark reality which calls a spade a spade and never attempts to mince matters, and therefore, not one which should be placed in the hands of the very young.

The author's father was a pearl-trader. When the boy joined him from school, the father made him promise that he would never have anything to do with Polynesian women. That promise he could not keep in the face of constant temptation, and in consequence is obliged to write: "But I realise I have lived a life beyond the pale. . . . Sheer force of circumstance has made me take a native woman for a companion. . . . Now I am a human derelict who has made an unholy mess of life."

The stories of the pearl divers are amazing. There are fights with sharks, octopi, and ghastly sea-monsters which can enmesh a large canoe full of natives in its tentacles ; and descriptions of native rites and customs which throw a strong light on the mentality of the Polynesian. The author lost his job because of his association with a native woman, the mother of his three children. In conclusion, he says : "Tahiti, you are a poisoned paradise. Tahiti, I curse you. I warn others to stay away from your shores, and yet, if I did escape from your fascination, I know I should never know content until I nestled close to your heart again."

IT is some time since Mrs. Larminie has given us a book, but *The Visiting Moon* (The Bodley Head ; 7s. 6d.) was worth waiting for. Its subject is essentially modern. George Caledon and Laura Starr are both anxious to end their marriages, and that on altruistic grounds—because their respective wife and husband have fallen in love with somebody else and both wish to set their partner free. But this can only be done by divorce. Caledon's wife and Laura's husband have given them no cause, so each decides to provide the cause themselves.

In this frame of mind, by one of those coincidences which people dismiss as "only happening in novels," but which are constantly happening and changing the whole current of men's and women's lives, they make acquaintance on a bench in Kensington Gardens. From that acquaintance springs the story, Laura consenting to be the "woman in the case." But at the hotel at Aldingham, and afterwards in a flat in London, their relations are wholly platonic. Laura's divorce is simple, but Caledon's is complicated by his becoming a baronet and having to meet family pressure against it. However, all ends happily, and they are married.

From the outset you know that the two will ultimately fall in love with one another, but this knowledge adds to the interest of watching the skill with which Mrs. Larminie develops the story.

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No. 1. The Riley Nine "Gamecock"

Above: On fine days the windscreen can be lowered flush with the scuttle, and in three minutes complete all-weather protection is available. See left-hand photograph

Top right: The "Gamecock" gives genuinely comfortable accommodation for two "six-footers." Interesting points are the capacious cubby-holes, neat instrument board, handy brake-adjusting mechanism, and the six-inch gear lever

No dickey seat is fitted, but most owners will feel themselves fully compensated by the unusually large space available for luggage. The very large boot can be closed and locked with four suit-cases of this size inside it

The 9-h.p. engine, with its twin carburettors, is a model of smartness and efficiency. No space has been wasted here, and the whole kit of tools is easily available at a moment's notice

It may be merely my imagination, but a brief run in the Riley "Gamecock" leaves me with the impression of a definite personality behind this car. It was, I feel, designed by one man—an individual of reasonable stature, and one who likes to combine fresh air and high speeds with personal comfort.

I say "of reasonable stature," because many sports cars seem to be designed by and for dwarfs of five feet and under. In this case, however, the six-foot driver will find absolute comfort, with all the controls coming readily to hand, even when the seat is pushed well back. Except that the left foot is not well catered for, the driving position is a model of intelligent planning.

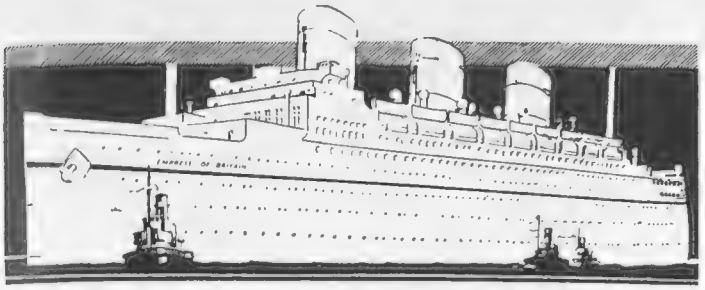
Similarly, throughout the car, beauty of line (a recognised Riley characteristic) is carefully combined with the maximum convenience. The luggage boot, for instance, can be closed and locked with four suit-cases inside it. This, I think, more than compensates for the absence of the conventional dickey-seat, which is always uncomfortable and seldom put to its intended use. Minor good points are innumerable, but the all-weather side-screens deserve a mention. These are neatly hinged for signalling purposes, and, when inserted in their slots, can be made absolutely tight and rattle-free by a half-turn on a couple of thumb-screws.

As for performance, it is often difficult, in judging this, to remember that one is dealing with a car of only 9 h.p. It is not mere speed that is so impressive, but rather the manner in which this speed is produced. It is, for instance, probably quite easy to make a 9-h.p. sports model do its 70 m.p.h. What is difficult, and therefore all the more to be appreciated, is to make it cruise at 50 m.p.h. with the same easiness and lack of effort that one expects from 15 or 20 h.p. It is this high cruising speed, combined with vigorous power on hills, that makes a long run enjoyable and free from strain.

The little engine does its work at all speeds with remarkable efficiency and willingness. Twin carburettors, special pistons, and a wide range of ignition control ensure flexible running at low speeds, rapid acceleration, and smooth, silent running at higher speeds.

The clutch could be improved if a rather longer pedal permitted of more gradual engagement, but the gear-box is altogether admirable. Second gear may be used as soon as the car is in motion, and third gear, which is of the constant-mesh type, is dead silent, very easy to engage, and has a range extending from a walking pace up to 45 m.p.h. Excellent also are the brakes, which, though powerful, are never fierce.

Finally, the "Gamecock" sits down upon the road exceptionally well—a point which is of great importance where fairly high speeds are contemplated. This is due partly to steering, which is light and definite, but more to the general good "balance" of the car. In saying that I myself would be glad to own one, I pay this Riley model a compliment which is sincere and well deserved.



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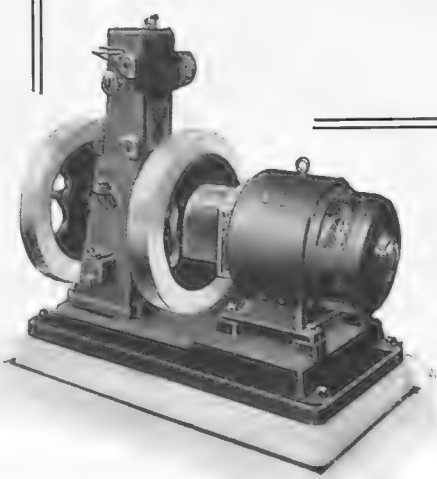

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"Air Touring for the Amateur"

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Marquis of Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, seen leaving Northolt for the Continent in a R.A.F. machine. Like his chief, the Prime Minister, and his colleague, Sir John Simon, Lord Londonderry always flies whenever time can be saved

By a Novice for a Novice

Most people who have yet to become pilots themselves regard the prospect of a long-distance flight as a hazardous adventure, only to be undertaken successfully by expert airmen after years of experience. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Humble thought otherwise, and in their book, *Cape Town to Clyde*, published by Longmans, Green at five shillings, there is a most interesting description of their journey, full of good points for the amateur, more especially because it contains the observations of these two people, who were, in fact, amateurs themselves. Anything in the nature of hairbreadth escapes was avoided by careful thought for the right equipment, and by good navigation of a type which anyone with intelligence could imitate. Their machine, a Puss Moth, carried them over 10,540 miles at an average speed of 98 miles an hour, the total cost per person, including hotels and all other expenses en route, amounting to 2.45 pence per mile. To those about to fly and to others who have learnt but have not yet ventured abroad, I can recommend this book; its facts and figures are convincing. To quote from the preface: "Once get into the habit of thinking of London as merely a refuelling station and not as a destination, and immediately Europe and the blue Mediterranean appear on the wing tip." What fairer prospect could there be?

The first messenger-boy to become a pilot is No. 160 R. McDonald, of the Commercial Cable Company. He learnt at Croydon with Surrey Flying Services. Another boy is training at Hanworth on an Autogiro, and a third is being taught gliding by the London Club

The P. and P. School at Reading

An aerodrome so well situated as Woodley, where Phillips and Powis run their School, is bound to attract pupils who have little time to spare for the instructional period. It is comparatively free from mist and fog, and the surrounding country is excellent for emergency landing practice, besides which flying rates are extremely low, 50s. an hour for dual and £2 an hour for solo in the case of pilots who have qualified at Woodley. Residential accommodation is available on the site, a great boon to anyone who wants to qualify for an "A" Licence in as short a time as possible. I believe the record is five days from the first flight to an "A" Licence, and quite a number of pupils have passed through all stages within a week. The average pupil should benefit by intensive training, for it is possible to spend much too great a period over the initial stages, and gaps of several weeks between flights when learning usually entail many more flying hours with the instructor. Of numerous people who have passed through the Phillips and Powis School, and found flying to be of tremendous use in their everyday lives, perhaps Mr. H. Scar is a typical example. He completed about 11½ hours solo before returning to East Africa with his own Gipsy Moth, and in two years put in some hundreds of hours without any breakages, returning to England by air early this season. East Africa, lying right across the Equator, with most of its territory above the 4000-foot level, is not the easiest part of the world in which to fly. Perhaps for these same reasons flying is more useful to those who live there. With an aeroplane on the premises, journeys that occupied weeks of travel on foot can be undertaken in a few hours by air.

A Weight-Lifter

Under this title we published recently a picture of the Fokker monoplane which has been fitted with a Monospar wing, designed to lift approximately one-third more weight than the original wing. The value of the invention, which has been made by Mr. H. J. Stieger, is considerable, because it will enable a designer to increase the profitable load-carrying capacity of any monoplane without increasing the horse-power, even though some of the advantage may be lost when enlarging the size of the cabin to accommodate the additional load. Increased range, higher cruising speed, lower landing speed are alternative possibilities with the Monospar system of construction. In combination with the new wing, other improvements in the design of aeroplanes, their engines and accessories, will produce, in a few years' time, a vehicle which can be operated at much lower cost than existing commercial aircraft.

British Achievements

When the cost of operation has been reduced sufficiently, the necessity for subsidies will disappear, and, fortunately for us, the Monospar, together with most of the other advances on the technical side, are British, so that our own air-lines should pay their way before anyone else's. A correspondent of a daily paper, when referring to the latest Monospar twin-engined machine, talked of the possibility of maintaining height with only one engine in use. It is only fair to say, however, that this is not a novel feature, and, furthermore, it has already passed the stage of possibility, for the Gloster survey machine and the Blackburn "Segrave" are both capable of flying on one engine.

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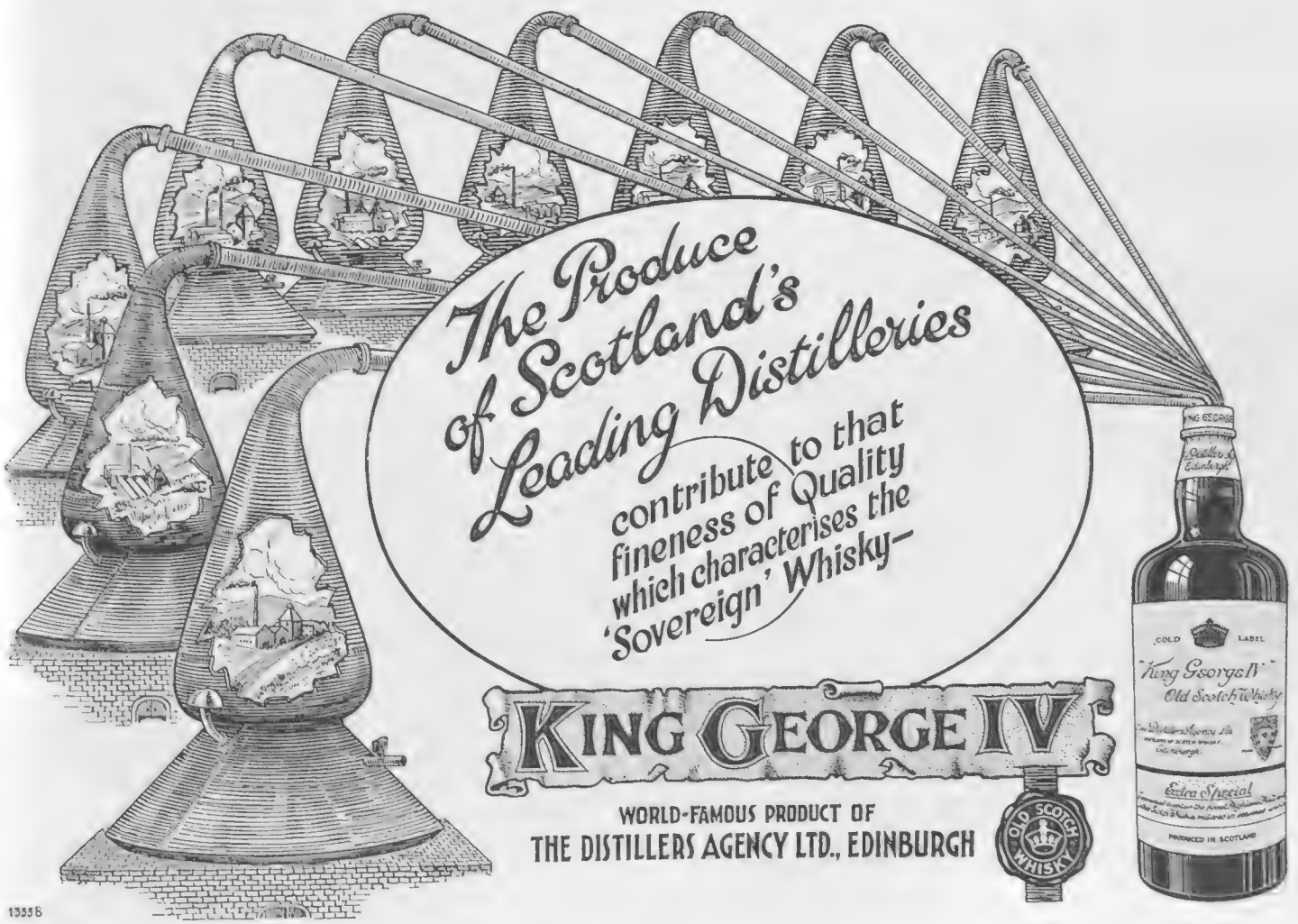

The Dogs of the American Indians : By Lady Kitty Ritson

Most of the working dogs in America and Canada are, at the moment, reaching the end of a long, hard season of work. True, the snow is still lying thickly on the ground, and many a blizzard still darkens the skies, but by the end of May the thaw will begin, and in June the huskies will not be needed to labour hard until next winter.

This period of rest is not the godsend that the average person might suppose it would be; not unless the dogs belong to a decent master who will look after them. Many a wretched dog spends the summer in the blazing sun without a scrap of shade and often without any water near the post where he is tethered. Unfortunately, white men are as great offenders as Indians; indeed, many of the cruellest traits in an Indian have been directly learned from association with the whites.

Before the Indians were conquered (in the case of the Americans, massacred and cheated) by white men they were very fond of animals and had any number of pets, such as tame eagles, wolf cubs, young bears, etc. They were kind to their domesticated dogs, and when they moved camp would put the young puppies in the travois, which was a contrivance of poles and a net, horse-drawn, and in which was piled babies, live-stock, and anything else that had to be transported. They never shared the Oriental outlook on dogs as a whole (which is, incidentally, a fact, favouring the supposed origin of Indian stock from the submerged Atlantis), but were fond of them, even if they did not treat them as we consider that a dog should be treated.

An Oriental

A Lhassa Apso Thibetan Mastiff with a two-months'-old puppy, the first to be bred outside Thibet, where they originated in the sacred Temples. These dogs, which are very rare, resemble Pekingese in appearance but have longer noses and shorter coats

They had a good many legends and folk-tales about dogs, one of which relates how "Many Berries," a bitch with a litter of young puppies, saved a whole tribe. The man and his wife to whom she belonged were out on a solitary hunting trip, and that evening "Many Berries" was very restless and kept picking up her puppies and carrying them outside the tepee. The man tried to quiet the bitch, but she whined and continued to remove her infants. The Indian addressed her and said: "'Many Berries,' if there is danger, show us where it is, and we will save your puppies." So the bitch led them to where a few miles away the Arapahoes, who were hereditary enemies of the Cheyennes, were planning an expedition against the latter. The man and his wife crept away, carrying "Many Berries'" puppies, and warned the Cheyennes, so that when the Arapahoes arrived they found them prepared, and were wiped out.

The dogs of the Plains-Indians were used as pack-animals and also to pull the travois, but not, of course, such large or heavily laden travois as those drawn by horses.

TWELVE DOZEN CARNATIONS *(continued from page 233)*

was over, the sorrowful truth dawned on Dickie that once more he would wake in the morning with no money at all. . . .

He consoled himself with the thought that perhaps in the morning—or, more accurately, later in the day—he could borrow a few francs from Chloe for their breakfast and a few more S.O.S. wires. On this thought he slept, and when he wakened it was high noon. He crept into Chloe's room, but she lay in a deep sleep, her red hair spread over the pillow, and he hadn't the heart to wake her—she looked so like a lovely sleeping child. Instead he left a note on the hotel stationery beside her bed: "We are broke, Chloe, and I have gone out into the big world to raise some of the necessary. You had better order breakfast here, and hope for the best."

He rushed round to all the places where he was likely to meet friends, but he could not collect more than twenty francs, and this he spent on a wire home for money. There was nothing for it, he thought, but to break the news to Chloe. Perhaps she would have an idea.

When he got back to the grand hotel, however, not only was there no sign of Chloe, but not a single carnation was left! Dickie sat down on a brocaded couch and gazed blankly round the rooms that had so recently been a bower of flowers, and he thought, bitterly, "She might at least have left me the carnations—mean little gold-digger!" But wasn't that just like a girl, though, to clear out when a fellow had no money left—and grab what was left of the wreck of things? Then he found her note. "I've had to go to the office. I had no idea it was so late—I shan't be there till lunch-time, and shall probably get the sack! Meet me at the Cuopole at six-thirty this evening."

Dickie told himself that he was damned if he would meet her at La Cuopole or anywhere else. Not a word about the flowers. She might at least have said she had taken them as a memento of a good time. But just to go off with them like that, as though she had a right to, and without even thanking him. . . .

He wandered about Paris trying to think what he would do, telling himself that somehow he *must* at least raise his fare back to England. He hadn't, in any case, intended more than a day on French soil; he hadn't meant to come to Paris at all, yet here he was marooned in the place. And all because in a fit of reckless, feckless, gaiety he had bought twelve dozen carnations. It was the carnations that rankled, not the expensive suite at the Excelsior. Neither had been necessary, it is true, but the carnations had just been idiotic, and seeing that Chloe had gone off with the lot, he didn't feel he had had his money's worth out of them. It was bad enough being deserted when your money gave out, but, he thought bitterly, it's one thing for a woman to go off and leave a man in a financial lurch, but quite another for her to strip the home of the last relics of luxury before she goes.

Wandering with an empty stomach, a broken heart, a bitter mind, he eventually found himself in Montmartre—and climbed up to the Sacré Cœur and sat down on a weather-beaten bench under a budding acacia tree in the Place du Terte, and miserably watched tourists under other trees gorging themselves with food. A woman offered him violets; an Oriental offered him rugs and an imitation leopard skin; a tout offered him dubious postcards; a small boy offered him "the sights of Paris"; a waiter offered him lunch—for twenty francs. He got up and walked away . . . and then, moving about between the tables under a red and white striped café awning, he saw something which he could not at first believe he really did see. . . . He saw first a gleam of red hair, and then a gleam of flowers—red, and white, and pink, and variegated . . . carnations. *A red-haired girl moving about between the café tables offering bunches of carnations for sale* . . . He stood still under the trees and stared . . . and stared. And as he stared, she looked up . . . and she, too, stood still and stared.

As though under a mutual mesmerism, they began to walk towards each other. She stopped before him, clutching her carnations, blushing hotly.

"What on earth——" he demanded.

"I daren't go to the office as late as that," she said, "I thought it better to send a message saying I was sick and taking the day off. Then I got this idea—I thought I'd try to raise some money. That's why I wanted you to meet me at the Cuopole to-night. I came up here partly because I thought that up here I wouldn't meet anyone I knew, and partly because it was the most likely place—where all the tourists come. I—I've done rather well so far. Six carnations to a bunch gives me twenty-four bunches, you see, and twenty-four bunches at ten francs a bunch is two-hundred and forty francs. . . . I thought it would tide you over until money arrived from England for you. I've sold a hundred and twenty francs worth for you already. . . ."

Dickie was completely speechless for a few moments. He had been walking about all the morning thinking bitter thoughts of this girl—and all the time she had been hawking flowers to try and help him. He heard her saying, "Well—be pleased about it!"

"Pleased!" He suddenly reached out to her, grabbing her close against him, flowers and all. "Pleased! I feel like going straight out and buying twelve dozen carnations all over again!"

She hugged him. "Silly darling! You'll do nothing of the kind. *I'm* taking care of this money. You're not to be trusted."

They stood there adoring each other with laughing eyes, under the budding acacia trees, in the pale Spring sunlight . . . and behind them hovered the waiter with a menu, knowing that this time he would not be sent away.

E. M.

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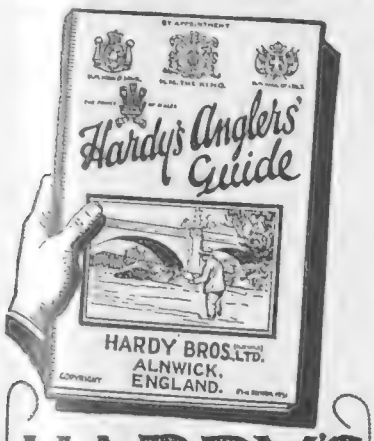

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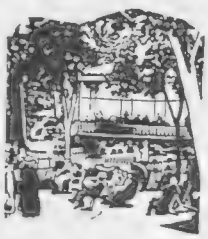

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"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look,
Please read my character.
And send me your book."

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By Maquillage

"FACE VALUES."
INDIVIDUALISM IN BEAUTY CULTURE:
ANY CREAM WILL *NOT* DO.

With the science of beauty culture at the advanced stage it is, there is no excuse for any woman having less than a perfect skin. And yet I am appalled by the number of coarse-grained, greasy complexions I see, marred by impurities and general sluggishness; the many women who suffer, complainingly or uncomplainingly, from a dry, over-sensitive skin which flushes or chaps and, early in life, is ruined by lines due to under-nourishment; and prematurely tired and aging faces, with lines from nose to mouth and frowning wrinkles.

I am sure that the reason women let themselves go in this way is not so much carelessness, but ignorance. They read the advertisements of so many beauty specialists, who claim, perhaps, to work miracles, that they become sceptical or wonder *which* one to patronise. That is one of the great difficulties. There are as large a variety of skins and constitutions as there are toilet preparations and treatments. If one happens to try something that does not suit one, faith is shattered.

I do not care to experiment with my own skin, nor to let anyone else experiment with it. That is why the system of one of the best-known and longest-established beauty specialists is so valuable. Even by post she will not prescribe until she has full particulars about age, colouring, general constitution, type of skin, etc., and she prefers, if possible, to see her clients. If she is not personally present at her London Salon (she has establishments in Paris and New York), she has representatives who are really highly trained and expert at diagnosing, and a lady doctor is attached to each of her establishments.

As a matter of fact, most of the high-class firms now differentiate between the treatments and preparations advisable for different clients. Thick, rather coarse skins need strong tonics and astringents and bleaching preparations, while the sensitive, thin, typically English skin needs nourishing skin-foods, protective creams, and emollients. This is only a generalisation. There are a hundred degrees of these conditions. What impresses me about the specialist I originally referred to is her versatility, experience, and understanding. There is, I think, no beauty problem that she has not considered and will not cope with scientifically. She has written a little booklet under the title *Beauty for Every Woman*, which is significant, and reminds one of a famous writer's assertion that there is no such thing as an ugly woman, only women who do not know how to be beautiful.

This specialist has over a dozen different creams, apart from the lotions, balms, masks, preparations for eyes and hands. She claims, justifiably, that she has "a specific for each particular skin condition."

For instance, there is a pasteurised cream, made up from the prescription of a distinguished Continental physician and skin specialist, which is particularly bland and antacid; there is a cream, made from water lilies, which cleanses and soothes a normal skin; there is a special skin food for dry, ill-nourished skins; a number of pore pastes and astringents for greasiness and open pores in their different degrees; a skin food based on an ancient Greek recipe for lines and relaxed muscles; and medical treatments for acne and other skin troubles, reducing specialities and perfect cosmetics. At the same establishment electrolysis and diathermy are given by medically trained practitioners for the removal of superfluous hair, moles, warts, or nevi.

Such an establishment does away with the experimental element in beauty culture. You take the best advice, just as you would if you had rheumatism or appendicitis, and act upon it.

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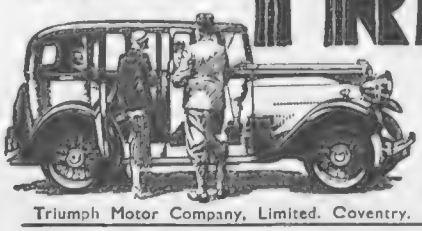

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Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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The Gourmet : Conducted by Emilia

Hors d'Œuvres (Salade des Anchois)

PREPARE some fillets of anchovy; cut one hard-boiled egg into quarters and chop up two others coarsely, keeping the yolks and whites separate. Arrange on a dish, season with cayenne pepper, chopped tarragon and chervil, and sprinkle with oil and vinegar. Arrange the strips of fillets of anchovies in a lattice-work over the top, and garnish with the quarters of hard-boiled eggs.

Filets de Turbot aux Tomates

CUT small fillets of turbot and put them in a buttered sauté-pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wine-glassful of white wine and about a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, also two small onions and a little mace. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Make a white sauce, using some of the liquor from the fillets, stir until it boils, and let simmer for ten minutes. Season and strain the sauce, have ready some tomatoes cut in slices, which have been cooked in butter, put these on the fillets. Pour over the sauce, and serve.

DINER

HORS D'ŒUVRES (SALADE DES ANCHOIS)

FILETS DE TURBOT AUX TOMATES

NOISETTES D'AGNEAU
POMMES NOUVELLES

COMPÔTE DE POIRES À LA CRÈME

CROÛTES DE CREVETTES

CAFÉ DESSERT

Noisettes d'Agneau

THESE should be cut from a loin of lamb, which must be boned. Cut the meat into slices about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim neatly, and flatten with a rolling-pin. The slices should look like cutlets without bones. Melt some butter in a pan, and fry the noisettes on both sides. Season with salt and pepper. Have ready-boiled some small round young carrots, braise them in butter and a little stock, white pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Put the noisettes into an entrée-dish, and garnish with the braised carrots. Coat with a nicely-flavoured thick brown sauce, and serve.

Compôte de Poires à la Crême

COOK some large stewing pears slowly, with a small stick of cinnamon and sugar, for about two hours. Then let them cool; reduce the syrup in which they were cooked till it is of the consistency of thick cream. When the pears are cold, remove the cores and fill the centres with stiffly-whipped cream, using a forcing-bag. Pour the syrup round the pears, and put on ice for two hours before serving.

CRICKET (continued from page 210)

will probably be unable to play in several matches. The Gloucestershire attack is as good as any, with Parker, a great bowler, Goddard, Sinfield, and Rogers, a right-hander, rather above medium pace, who may come to the front during the next few months. Then there is Haynes, a left-hander of the Verity type, with a pleasantly easy action. The Gloucestershire batting, moreover, is sound and aggressive, particularly when players like Hammond, Dacre and Lyon himself get going.

SUSSEX also are a likely side. They have K. S. Duleepsinhji to captain them and reel off the centuries, while Tate is still very much of a power in county cricket, as his 111 wickets for an average of 14·75 last year prove. Duleepsinhji has all his old players to choose from, and to strengthen the attack there is R. G. S. Scott, the Oxford bowler who went a long way towards beating Cambridge in 1931 by taking eight wickets for 87 runs. Scott has a most peculiar action, but he appears to make the ball lift sharply off the ground, and he will be watched with interest.

I FANCY that the ultimate champions will be found among these four counties, though Notts may be more fortunate than they were last season, when they really were unlucky. First there was the tragic death of Whysall, and then, after they had recovered from a bad start and actually worked their way to the head of the competition in the last week in June, Larwood and Sam Staples were kept out of the game for three weeks by a motoring accident. They could not have expected, moreover, that two of their most useful bowlers, Barratt and Arthur Staples, would lose their form, so that Larwood and Voce were left to bear the brunt of the attack.

George Gunn, that wonderful veteran, came to the rescue and made over a thousand runs with an average of close on 40, and it is possible that we may find him once more giving the younger generation lessons in the art of batsmanship. In A. W. Carr Notts have one of the most astute of captains, and among their more likely players we may note Harris, a valuable all-rounder, G. V. Gunn, and Keeton. Altogether, Notts are a well-balanced side.

LANCASHIRE, without Macdonald and Richard Tyldesley, are an uncertain quantity; Derbyshire have lost Slater, and will need to discover a new bowler or two; while the Surrey attack is not exactly devastating. For all that, Surrey will be an interesting side to watch, partly because D. R. Jardine will have a chance, as captain, to prove that he is the man to lead the M.C.C. team in Australia. On the whole, therefore, the county season promises excellently, and if only we have a fine summer the advocates of brighter cricket will have little to grouse about. H. M.

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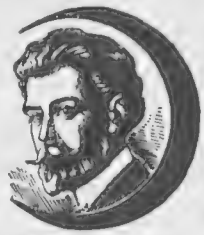

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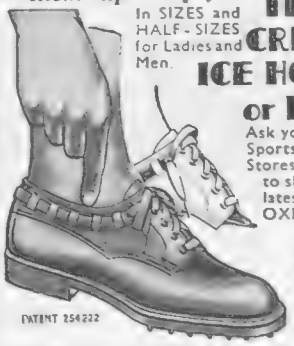

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The ISIS chair is the latest model by the famous house of Minty Limited, designed on the same principle as the famous Minty Club Chair. Prices range from £5 19s. 6d. for the small size up to £6 19s. 6d. for the large size

The Lure of Harrogate

A delightful brochure has just been issued by the Harrogate Corporation, which is both informative and highly interesting. Although this famous Spa can be visited all the year round, the "high" season is from Whitsuntide to October, and it is during this period when most of the distinguished visitors arrive. The Royal Baths and Pump Rooms are never closed; there is music every day in the Winter Gardens; dances and thès dansants at the hotels; there is badminton indoors, three golf-courses and tennis out-of-doors, and, in addition, excellent hunting with several different packs. Harrogate is without a rival in the North of England as a motoring centre, and is surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery, and is close to all five of the Yorkshire Dales, and only those who have explored them know the wealth of beauty hidden there. The medicinal springs at Harrogate, which, by the way, are eighty-eight in number, are all natural. A recent discovery which has enlarged the possibilities of the "Cure," is the finding of the Harrogate radio-active curative mud ("Fango"), so much used on the Continent. The staff at the Royal Baths number nearly 200, and it is unique that the nurses, unlike those of any other spa in the world, have to be specially and medically trained and certificated in their work. All who contemplate a visit to this delightful place should write to the Harrogate Corporation for a copy of this book. It also includes a time-table, an A.B.C. list of officially recommended hotels, and condensed information on almost everything there is to know regarding Harrogate, which is justly famed the world over alike for its spa and its social amenities.

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A Royal Visitor at Olympia

The Prince of Wales recently made an intensive tour of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. He is here seen on the Electrolux Refrigerator Stand. Standing near him is Viscount Rothermere and Sir Harold Wernher, Chairman of this well-known Company of British-made refrigerators

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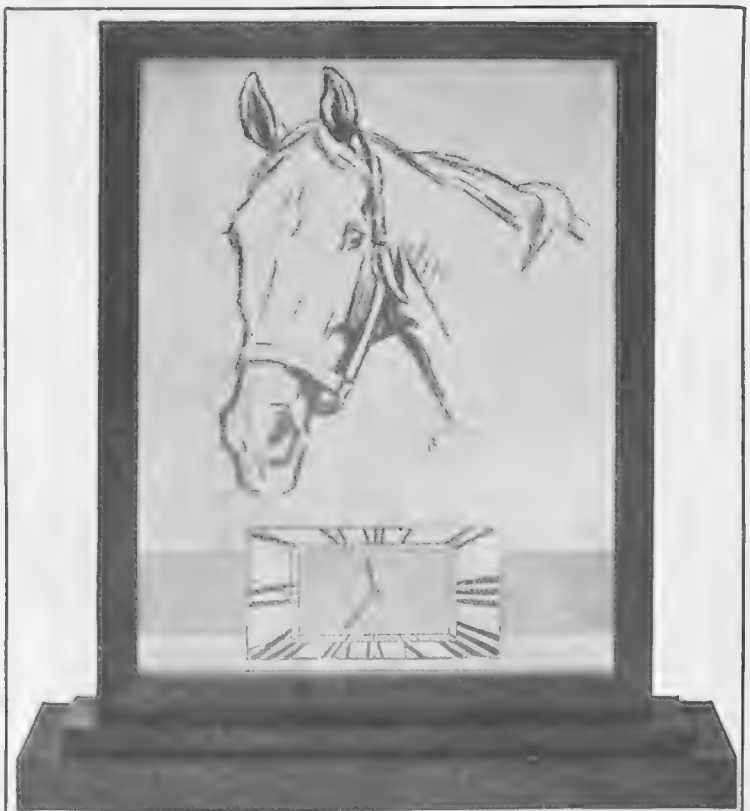

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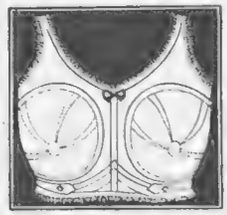

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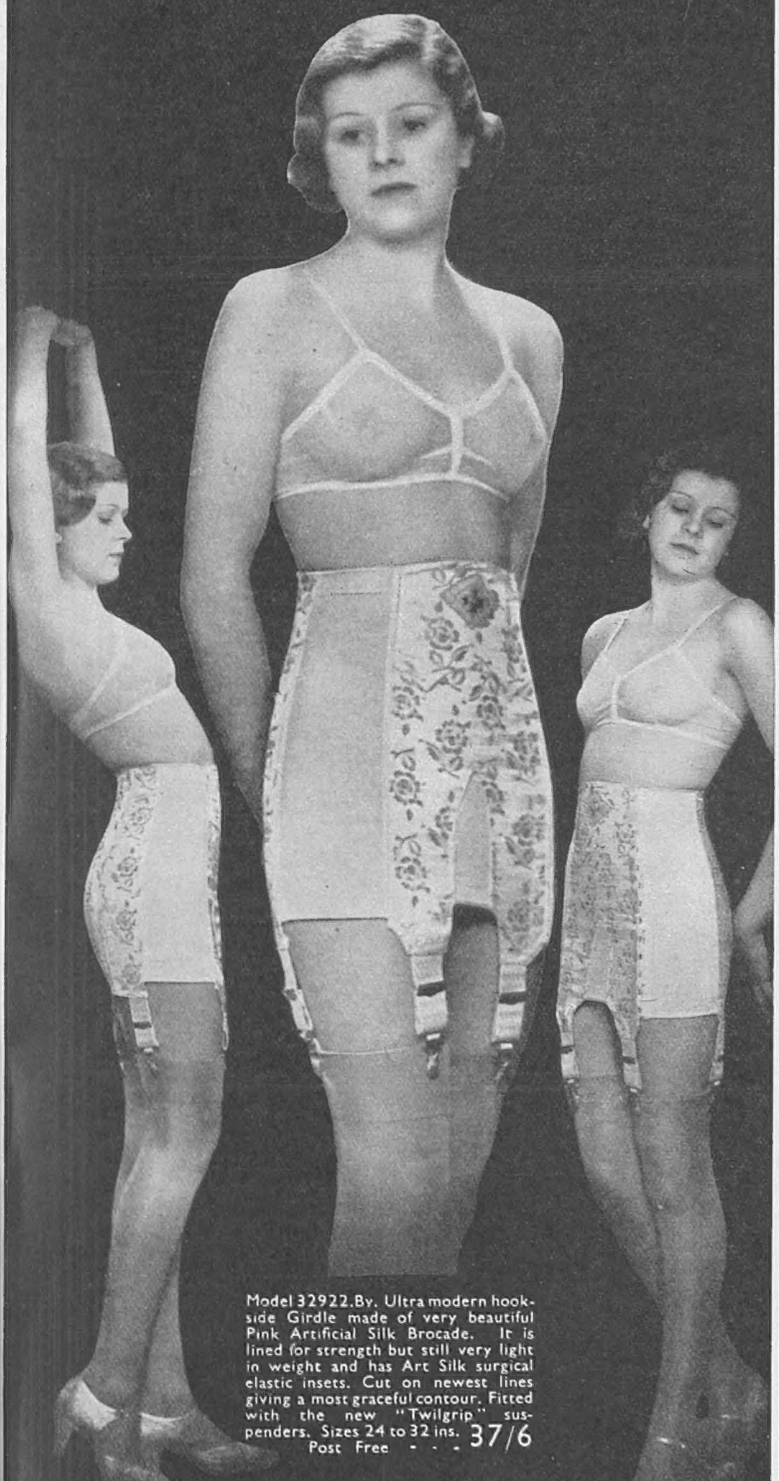

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On the right, the daintiest summer Frock of organdie, made all by hand in Harvey Nichols' workrooms, and trimmed with picot-edged frills and satin ribbon. Size 18 ins. **39/6**

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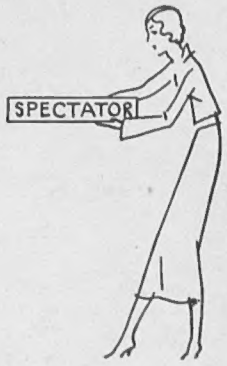

"WIMBLEDON"

Tennis Sweater in Irish linen thread with silk stripe. White / new green, white/royal/scarlet, white/nigger/orange, white / scarlet / black. Three stock sizes.

35/9

"RANELAGH"

New design in Sweater in softest quality wool, hand made, the cross-over frill being a new feature. Stone, rose, black, gold and other colours to order.

69/6

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SPORTSWEAR GROUND FLOOR

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Attractive Sweater in lisle thread in a new lace stitch design. In yellow, shell-pink, blue, apple, peach. Three stock sizes. With short sleeves

27/6

Also with long sleeves

32/6

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A hand-knitted Sweater in fine wool embroidered with spots. In gold/white, saxe/white, blue/white, nigger / white, gold/nigger, white/rose, white / emerald, white/scarlet. Stock fittings.

55/9

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The Thread of Destiny

"Upon what trifles hangs the destiny of man" says Voltaire, and did not the immortal Mr. Micawber declare that a single sixpence could represent all the difference between misery and happiness?

"David, my boy", he might have said, "income 20/-, expenditure 20/6d, result, misery. Income 20/- and expenditure 19/6, result, happiness and"—*a packet of*

Player's

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LIMITED.

NCC 63.

START THESE STORIES . . .

and you'll find it hard to stop.

" I once saw a bunch of wicked women in Paris at the Bal Tabarin. I thought, and hoped, that they represented the limit of wickedness. I believed, with a faith more ardent and certainly more impassioned than that of any Plymouth Brother, that Paris was the antechamber to the Pit.

Then I discovered America.

No, it was not Columbus. Columbus knew nothing of Cupid so far as the historians inform us, though there was something funny about that room in the Alhambra, where the two met ostensibly for Isabella to give to him his letters of marque, and which I visited a few months ago. ' Cuties ' and cuticle, those only remaining articles for which there is steady demand in these days of depression in the Land of Hope and Glory, Columbus never knew. And as for Paris, that bedizened old Jezebel has ' nothing on ' New York—New York herself, that very tired virgin, often having less than nothing.

Thirteen years have I studied Pilgrim Fathers, Pilgrim Mothers (now ' red-hot Mommas '), Anthony Comstocks, ' leg-shows,' Salvation Army shelters, ballrooms of the ' Four Hundred,' ditto of the hundred millions where you touch the light fantastic with the hostess at ten cents a go, professional pet-preachers, chorus girls, gangster queens, semi-demi-mondaines, and ' three-quarter virgins.'

And I have paid the price—oh, my God ! how have I not paid !

I enter the wickedly snug bachelor quarters of the little wild-eyed man who is perhaps the world's first dramatic critic. . . ."

In " CUPID, ' CUTIES ' AND CUTICLE ! " by Shaw Desmond.

" A white rat ; that was how his host, Colonel Fairbright, thought of him. Clement had realised that on the afternoon of his arrival, and he had realised it without the slightest tinge of resentment. Now, as he lay basking in a canvas chair, he was definitely glad that his host should think of him in just that way.

Colonel Fairbright was so perfect of his type. He was tall, spare and flat-backed. His manner was polite and reserved. He was kindly without understanding. He was always at his ease. He seemed unquestionably of the upper class ; yet, as was common enough in such cases, his family had emerged, by means of industrialism, only some two or three generations ago. His dignity was obviously natural. Everything about him was natural. But none of it would have been natural, nor could have been, in any one of the world which had been Clement's own.

To Clement, little more than half the age of his host, a playwright almost from earliest manhood, and therefore of necessity interested in human beings, Colonel Fairbright was a permanent delight. He had known the type, of course. He had known it first from stage versions. He had come, as he rose on the bubble of success, to meet it in the houses to which he was invited. But this was the first time he had had the chance to watch it over any length of time, and at his ease.

Now, without indeed being very conscious of doing so, he was taking in Colonel Fairbright. . ."

In "THE WHITE RAT," by Geoffrey Moss.

" The reaction of the public to some of the more important films shown this spring is interesting. When I say the public, I do not mean the newspaper reviewers, but the audiences themselves. I was struck by the difference in the audiences at two ' big ' pictures, very unlike each other, which happened to be running in London at the same time : ' Hell Divers ' and ' Shanghai Express.' I thereafter and therefore gave some observation to the matter and came to the conclusion that men and women like quite different films and that, contrary to the fairly generally accepted theory, that women revel in he-men's manliness on the screen, and that men naturally ' fall for ' the supernal charms of languorous and lovely women stars, it is the other way about : men revel in what I should describe as *male* films, and it is women who form the majority of the fans of the exquisite Dietrich, the brilliant Garbo and the winsome Gaynor. . ."

In " THE FANS AND THEIR FANATICISM," by Sydney Tremayne.

GIVEN AWAY with this issue

This fine signed Portrait of CLARK GABLE

There are these, too, in . . .

" ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN "
by C. Fox Smith
" HANDCUFFS " *by Louis Kaye*
" AMONG THE MORMONS IN SALT LAKE CITY," *by Harold J. Shepstone*
" NIGHT LIFE AT THE ZOO "
by E. G. Boulenger
" BIG BUSINESS," *by Gordon Beckles*
" EIGHT YEAR LIMIT "
by Mollie Panter Downes
" QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO "
by F. Matania, R.I.
" OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE "
by Hannen Swaffer
BOOKS : *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
" RED SUNSET LAND "
by Beatrice Grimshaw
" A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY "
by Winifred Lewis
" THE CONVERSION OF GENISTA "
by Owen Archer
" NOW LOOK AT SWEDEN "
WHAT TO WEAR IN THE MORNINGS
A CHOICE OF AFTERNOON COSTUMES
SMART FASHIONS FOR THE BEACH
" A NEO-VICTORIAN FLAT "
by Antonia White
A SUMMER DRESS AND COAT
" MODERN PATCHWORK "
by Olive Rinder
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
" THOSE CHILDISH COMPLAINTS "
by Peggy Winefred Yeomans
" ENTERTAINING IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER " *by A. H. Adair*

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